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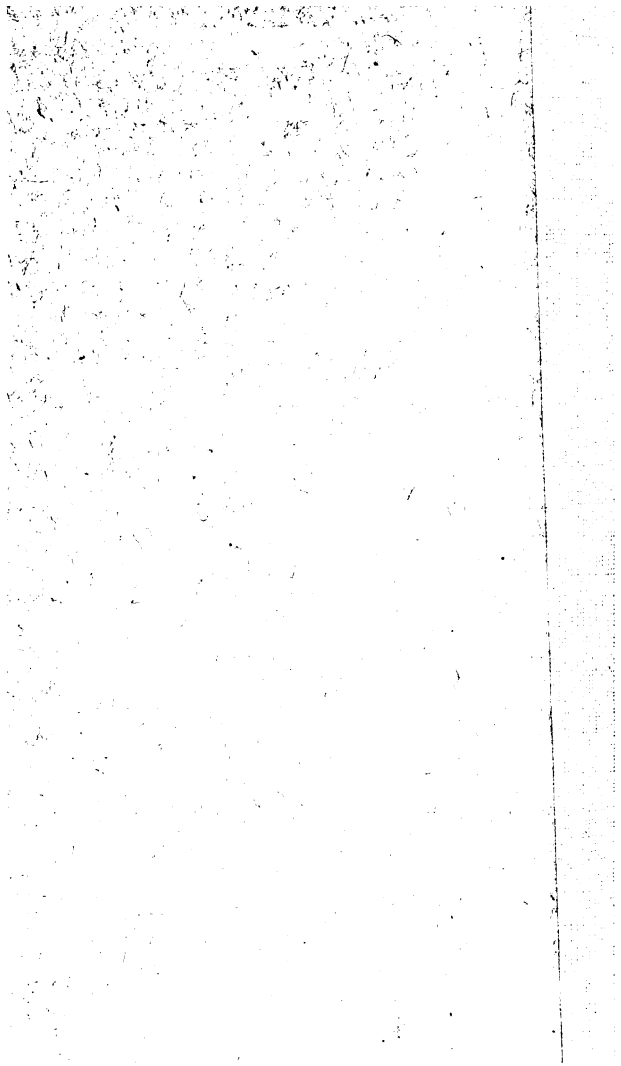

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME FIFTH.

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CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART II. || KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VI. PART III. || KING HENRY VIII.

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THE

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI*.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE

GOOD DUKE HUMPHRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.

Humphry *Duke of Glouceſter*, } *uncles to the King*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bp. of Wincheſter.* }

Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*

Duke of Buckingham, } *of the King's party.*
Duke of Somerſet, }
Duke of Suffolk, }

Earl of Saliſbury, } *of the York*
Earl of Warwick, } *faction.*

Lord Clifford, *of the King's party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the Tower.*
Sir John Stanley.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a Kentiſh Gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *ſon to the Lord Clifford.*

Edward Plantagenet. } *ſons to the Duke*
Richard Plantagenet, } *of York.*

Vaux, *a ſea captain, and* Walter Whitmore—*pirates.*
A Herald.
Hume and Southwell, *two prieſts.*
Bolingbrook, *an aſtrologer.*
A Spirit attending on Jordan the witch.
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.*
Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Alban's.
Simpcox, *an impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the butcher*, Smith, *the weaver, and ſeveral others, rebels.*
Margaret, *Queen to K. Henry VI. ſecretly in love with the Duke of Suffolk.*
Dame Eleanor, *wife to the Duke of Glouceſter*
Mother Jordan, *a witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.*
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Falconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral parts of England.

* This and the third part were firſt written under the title of *The contention of York and Lancaſter*, printed in 1600; but ſince vaſtly improved by the author. Mr. Pope.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Flouriſh of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Saliſbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one ſide: the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

*Suf**. AS by your high imperial Majeſty
I had in charge at my depart from France,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs Marg'ret for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city Tours,
In preſence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alanſon,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my taſk, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen.
[*preſenting the Queen to the King.*
To your moſt gracious hand; that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent;
The happieſt gift that ever Marquis gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, ariſe. Welcome, Queen Margaret;
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs. O Lord, that lend'ſt me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt giv'n me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord.
The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-lieveſt Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

K. Henry.

* *Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 66. year 23. init.* Mr. Pope.

K. Henry. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in
Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty, [ſpeech,
Make me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.
Lords, with one chearful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's happineſs!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

Glo. [*reads,*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, that the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeruſalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father.* [*Lets fall the paper.*

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Wincheſter, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the duchies of Anjou and Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of England's own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marquis kneel you down;
We here create thee the firſt *Duke of Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the ſword. Couſin of York,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Wincheſter,
Glo'ſter, York, Buckingham, and Somerſet,
Saliſbury, and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

SCENE II. *Manent the reſt.*

Glo. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke Humphry muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
With all the learned counſel of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in deſpight of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O Peers of England, ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke, that rules the roaſt,
Hath giv'n the Duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whoſe large ſtyle

Agree

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both.
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words*?

York. France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but England's Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her.
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before ———

Car. My Lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face,
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown.

* ——— peaceful words?
Suf. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn, &c.

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the eaſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
Look to it, Lords: let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of Glouceſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintain your Royal Excellence!
With, *God preſerve the good Duke Humphry!*
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
He being of age to govern of himſelf?
Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoiſt Duke Humphry from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exe.*

Som. Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride
And greatneſs of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beſide.
If Glo'ſter be diſplac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or Somerſet, or I, will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke Humphry, or the Cardinal.
[*Exe. Buckingham and Somerſet.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never ſaw, but Humphry Duke of Glo'ſter
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal
More like a ſoldier, than a man o' th' church,
As ſtout and proud as he were lord of all;
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common weal.
Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphry.

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

[*Exe. Warwick and Salisbury.*

SCENE III. *Manet York.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own,
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While

[illegible] look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chances, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury, &c.*

While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both giv'n unto the French!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's ſoil.
A day will come when York ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke Humphry,
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown?
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit.
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſceptre in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till Henry, ſurfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought Queen,
And Humphry with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my ſtandard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit York.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of Glouceſter's houſe.*

Enter Duke Humphry, and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head with Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the ſullen earth,
Gazing at that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King Henry's diadem,

Inchas'd

Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Glo'ster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphry, my sweet Duke;
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From

From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what! my Lord! are you ſo choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myſelf,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Exit Glouceſter.*

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow preſently.
Follow I muſt; I cannot go before,
While Glo'ſter bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jeſus preſerve your Royal Majeſty!

Elean. What ſay'ſt thou? Majeſty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.

Elean. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jordan the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbrook the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiſed to ſhew your Highneſs
A ſpirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the queſtions.
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With

With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.

[*Exit Eleanor.*

Hume. Hume muſt make merry with the Ducheſs' gold:
Marry, and ſhall: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum!*
The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch.
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk.
Yet I do find it ſo: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame Eleanor's aſpiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Ducheſs,
And buzz theſe conjurations in her brain.
They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear, at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Ducheſs' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphry's fall.
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the armourer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man; Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector. [*reading.*] Are your ſupplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your Grace, againſt John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's ſome wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of Suffolk, for inclofing the commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Suf. [*reads.*] *Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

Q. Mar. What! did the Duke of York ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my maſter was? no, forſooth: my maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an uſurper.

Suf. Who is there?——Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant, preſently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the ſupplications.*

Away, baſe cullions: Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion in the Court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's iſle?
And this the royalty of Albion's King?
What! ſhall King Henry be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly Glo'ſter's governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a Duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;

I thought King Henry had reſembled thee
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion.
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would the college of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cauſe
Your Highneſs came to England, ſo will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beſide the proud Protector, have we Beaufort
Th' imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the leaſt of theſe
But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of theſe that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevills;
Saliſb'ry and Warwick are no ſimple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an Empreſs than Duke Humphry's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, baſe-born callot, as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt-wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her,
And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her reſt; and, Madam, liſt to me;
For I am bold to counſel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,

Yet muſt we join with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphry in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy realm.

SCENE VI.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Somerſet, Saliſbury, Warwick, and the Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.

K. Henry. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerſet, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himſelf in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentſhip.
Som. If Somerſet be unworthy of the place,
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters ſpeak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the beſt of all.
Sal. Peace, ſon; and ſhew ſome reaſon, Buckingham,
Why Somerſet ſhould be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Becauſe the King, forſooth, will have it ſo.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give his cenſure: theſe are no woman's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And, at his pleaſure, will reſign my place.
Suf. Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas,
And all the Peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy ſov'reignty.
Car. The commons haſt thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som

Som. Thy ſumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have coſt a maſs of public treaſury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy ſale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Glo.*
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?
Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman!
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face.
K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her will.
Elean. Againſt her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place moſt maſter wears no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
[*Exit Eleanor.*
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And liſten after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no ſpurs;
She'll gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction. [*Exit Buck.*

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Duke Humphry.*

Glo. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth-affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.
But God in mercy deal ſo with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereign, York is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon of no little force,
That York *is moſt unmeet of* any man.
York. *I'll tell thee, Suffolk,* why I am unmeet.

Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keep me here
Without diſcharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Laſt time I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace!

Enter Horner the armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon.
Pray God the Duke of York excuſe himſelf!

York. Doth any one accuſe York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'ſt thou, Suffolk? tell me what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon.
His words were theſe: "That Richard Duke of York
"Was rightful heir unto the Engliſh crown,
"And that your Majeſty was an uſurper."

K. Henry. Say, man; were theſe thy words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By theſe ten bones, my Lord, he did ſpeak them to me in the garret one night, as we were ſcouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Baſe dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech.
I do beſeech your Royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witneſs of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.

Let

Let Somerſet be Regent o'er the French,
Becauſe in York this breeds ſuſpicion.
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle combat in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphry's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it ſo: my Lord of Somerſet,
We make your Grace Regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas! my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake, pity my caſe; the ſpight of man prevaileth againſt me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!———

Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to priſon; and the day of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. Come, Somerſet, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The witch's cave.*

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. Come, my maſters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her Ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit, but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below; and ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jordan, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all! to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady: wizards know their times,
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night†,

† *The ſilent of the night,* is a claſſical expreſſion, and means an *unclouded night.*

The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire,
The time when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl:
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle: Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly: then the ſpirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.

M. Jord. Aſmuth, by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I aſk;
For till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spirit. Aſk what thou wilt.——That I had ſaid, and done!

Boling. Firſt, of the King: what ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks, they write the anſwer.*

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water ſhall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What ſhall befal the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him ſhun caſtles.
Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
Falſe fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit deſcends.*

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh:
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and the realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elean. Not half ſo bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this

Aw-

Away with them, let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.
[*Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.**.
York. The King is now in progress tow'rds St. Alban's;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

*——Southwel, &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well.
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.
Now pray, my Lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords;
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardily understood.
The King is now, &c.

This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. Mr. Pope.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I. *At St. Alban's.*

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. BELIEVE me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your faulcon made
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an' it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace cou'd fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and common-weal!

Glo. What Card'nal! is your priesthood grown so peremptory? *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
With such holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord;
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Glo'ster.

K. Henry. I pray thee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,

For

For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector, with my ſword!
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, [*Aſide.*
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: and if thou dar'ſt,
This ev'ning on the eaſt ſide of the grove.
K. Henry. How now, my Lords?
Car. Believe me, couſin Glo'ſter,
Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We'd had more ſport——Come with thy two-hand ſword. [*Aſide to Glouceſter.*
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—The eaſt ſide of the grove? [*Aſide.*
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.
K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ſter?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Prieſt, I'll ſhare your crown for this,
Or all my fence ſhall fail. [*Aſide.*
Car. [*Aſide.*] *Medice, teipſum.*
Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf.
K. Henry. The winds grow high, ſo do your ſtomachs,
How irkſome is this muſic to my heart! [*Lords.*
When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

SCENE II. *Enter One, crying, A miracle.*

Glo. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?
One. A miracle, a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forſooth, a blind man at St. Alban's ſhrine,
Within this half-hour hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
K. Henry. *Now God be prais'd, that to believing ſouls*
Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter

Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

Car. Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
Before your Highneſs to preſent the man.
K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.
Glo. Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the King,
His Highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.
K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your Grace,
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your Worſhip.
Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou couldſt have better told.
K. Henry. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
K. Henry. Poor ſoul! God's goodneſs hath been great to thee;
Let never day or night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oft'ner, in my ſleep
By good Saint Alban; who ſaid, Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.
Wife. Moſt true, forſooth; and many a time and oft
Myſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simp. A fall off a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, Maſter.
Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?
Simp. O, born ſo, Maſter.
Glo. What, and wouldſt climb a tree?
Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dft plums well that wouldft venture fo.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife defir'd fome damfons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A fubtle knave! but yet it fhall not ferve:
Let's fee thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou feeft not well.

Simp. Yes, Maſter, clear as day; I thank God and St. Alban.

Glo. Say'ft thou me fo? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, Maſter, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well faid. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forfooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'ft what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet I think jet did he never fee.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day in all his life.

Glo. Tell me firrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, Maſter, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, Maſter.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an' if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Glo. Saunder, ſit there, the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom.
If thou had been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well know all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O Maſter, that you could!

Glo. My maſters of Saint Alban's,
Have you *not beadles in your* town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor.

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Glo. Now, fetch me a ſtool hither. Now, ſirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, ſirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, Maſter, what ſhall I do! I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A miracle!*

K. Henry. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh to ſee the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the woman.*

Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and flee away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III. *Enter Buckingham.*

K. Henry. What tidings with our couſin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
(*The ringleader* and head of all this rout,)

Have

Have practis'd dangerously against your state;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your Highness' privy council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming, yet at London.
This news I think hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman! leave t' afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd the King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of York's palace.*

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glo'ster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd King;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry the Fourth*,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless King Richard trait'rously was murder'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth.
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmond had issue; Roger Earl of March:
Roger had issue; Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sa

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity till he dy'd.
But to the reſt———

York. His eldeſt ſiſter, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge,
Who was the ſon to Edmond Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth ſon.———
By her I claim the kingdom; ſhe was heir
To Roger Earl of March; who was the ſon
Of Edmond Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth ſon; York here claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's iſſue fail, his ſhould not reign;
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee,
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.
Then, father Saliſbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign Richard, England's King!

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the houſe of Lancaſter:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's inſolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerſet's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphry:
'Tis that they ſeek, and they in ſeeking that
Shall ſeek their deaths, if York can propheſy.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick The greatest man in England, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a house near to Smithfield.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen, and Nobles; the Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and Bolingbrook, under guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glo'ster's wife.
In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, Eleanor; I cannot justify whom law condemns.
[*Exeunt Eleanor, and others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphry, Duke of Glo'ster; ere thou go, Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

2. Mar. I ſee no reaſon why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your ſtaff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My ſtaff? here, Noble Henry, is my ſtaff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewell, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit Glouceſter.*

2. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'ret Queen.
And Humphry Duke of Glo'ſter ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His Lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This ſtaff of honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts;
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the fight.

2. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purpoſely therefore
Left I the court, to ſee this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A' God's name, ſee the liſts and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The ſervant of the armourer, my Lords.

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaff, with a ſand-bag faſtened to it†; and at the other door his man, with a drum and ſand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of ſack; and fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy maſter; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my laſt draught in this world. Here, Robin, if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou ſhalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bleſs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. *Peter*, forſooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump.*

Sal. Thump? Then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave, and myſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a

† *As, according to the old laws of duels. Knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an elbow ſtaff or batoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cramm'd hard with ſand.*

vnright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon
art.

k. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

n. Hold, Peter, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

k. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God,
e good wine in thy master's way.

er. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this
er, thou hast prevail'd in right. [presence!

Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
y his death * we do perceive his guilt.
God in justice hath reveal'd to us
ruth and innocence of this poor fellow.
h he had thought to murder wrongfully.
, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The street.*

ter Duke Humphry and his men, in mourning cloaks.

. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
after summer, evermore succeeds
arren winter with his nipping cold:
res and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
what's a clock?

v. Ten, my Lord.

. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
atch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:
ath may she endure the flinty streets,
ead them with her tender-feeling feet.
Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
bject people gazing on thy face,
envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
erst did follow thy proud chariot-wh
thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
oft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
ar-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter

for defeat. Because by the laws of duels, he that was
was executed in consequence of it.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white ſheet, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Glo'ſter, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! Glo'ſter, teach me to forget myſelf:
For whilſt I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah! Humphry, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
Trow'ſt thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the ſun?
No: dark ſhall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-ſtock
To every idle [illegible]ſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For Suffolk (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,)
And York, and impious Beaufort, that falſe prieſt,

Have

Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou can'ſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſkaith,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Wouldſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſty's parliament holden at Bury, the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave; and, Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commiſſion.

Sher. An't pleaſe your Grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the iſle of Man.

Glo. Muſt you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Intreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her: and ſo, Sir John, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit Glouceſter.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death;
Death, *at whoſe name I oft* have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.

Stanley,

Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. No; like a Dutchess, and Duke Humphry's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.
Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison: [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

At Bury.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the parliament.

K. Henry. I muse my Lord of Glo'ster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insol[illegible] of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time since he was mild and affable:
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,

When

When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and ſhews an angry eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin?
But great men tremble when the lion roars,
And Humphry is no little man in England.
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent;
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no policy,
(Reſpecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceaſe,)
That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs' council.
By flatt'ry hath he won the commons' hearts:
And when he'll pleaſe to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the ſpring, and weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of huſbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke.
And had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think I ſhould have told your Grace's tale.
The Dutcheſs, by his ſubordination,
Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices;
Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent,
As next the King he was ſucceſſive heir,
And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
The fox barks not when he would ſteal the lamb.

No,

No, no, my Sovereign; Glo'ſter is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of money through the realm
For ſoldiers' pay in France, and never ſent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke Humphry.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praiſe. But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
Our kinſman Glo'ſter is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
As is the ſucking lamb or harmleſs dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord Somerſet; what news from France?

Som. That all your int'reſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord Somerſet; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

But

But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

SCENE II. *Enter Glouceſter.*

Glo. All happineſs unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suff. Nay, Glo'ſter, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt.
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my Sovereign.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty!

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribe of France;
And, being Protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt France.

Glo. Is it but thought ſo? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of my own proper-ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſburſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.

Glo. I ſay no more than truth; ſo help me God!

York. In your protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor paſſengers,

I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſy, quickly anſwer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of Glo'ſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, theſe days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand.
Foul Subornation is predominate,
And equity exil'd your Highneſs' land.
I know their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormed hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my life.
And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
(Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,)
And all to make away my guiltleſs life.
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected,

A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If thoſe that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly couch'd?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations, to o'erthrow his ſtate.

2. Mar. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke than meant; I loſe, indeed;
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe;
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your priſoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wiſdom ſeemeth
Do or undo, as if ourſelf were here. [beſt,

2. Mar. What will your Highneſs leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round ingirt with miſery:
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?
Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I ſee
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
That theſe great Lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life,
That never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong?

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrives,
Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe;
Even ſo remorſeleſs have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling loſs;
Even ſo myſelf bewail good Glo'ſter's caſe
With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? Glo'ſter he is none. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: Glo'ſter's ſhew
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
With ſhining chequer'd ſlough, doth ſting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good,)
This Glo'ſter ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, this were no policy:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive ſo fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphry for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suf.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madneſs then
To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood,
As Humphry's prov'd by reaſons to my Liege;
And do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by ginns, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice Noble Suffolk, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suf. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt;
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing;

Q. Mar. And ſo ſay I.

York. And I: And now we three have ſpoke it,
It ſkills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Poſt.*

Poſt. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amain;
To ſignify that rebels there are up,
And put the Engliſhmen unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, Lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient ſtop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?

York. *That Somerſet be ſent* a Regent thither;
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witneſs the fortune he hath had in France———
Som. If York, with all his fair-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never wou'd have ſtaid in France ſo long.
York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin:
Mens' fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole do ſeldom win.
2. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fewel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York; ſweet Somerſet, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, York, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.
York. What, worſe than nought? nay, then a ſhame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is:
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?
York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent;
And what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms;
Then, Noble York, take thou this taſk in hand.
York. I am content: provide me ſoldiers, Lords,
Whilſt I take order for mine own affairs
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will ſee perform'd:
But now return we to the falſe Duke Humphry.
Car. No more of him; for I deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off: the day is almoſt ſpent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I muſt talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Briſtol I expect my ſoldiers;
For there I'll ſhip them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my Lord of York. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Manet York.*

York. Now, York, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying,
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faſter than ſpring time ſhow'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more buſy than the lab'ring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me you be warm the ſtarved ſnake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſt, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whilſt I in Ireland nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtir up in England ſome black ſtorm
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heaven or hell.
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd ſlaw.
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong Kentiſh man,
John Cade of Aſhford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer.*
In Ireland have I ſeen this ſtubborn Cade
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of kerns;
And fought ſo long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen
Him caper upright like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And *undiſcover'd come to me again,*
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.

This

This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this I ſhall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the houſe and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will;
Why, then, from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
For Humphry being dead, as he ſhall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter two or three running over the ſtage from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh that it were to do! what we have done!
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent!

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.
Suf. Now, Sirs, have you diſpatch'd this thing?
1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well ſaid. Go get you to my houſe;
I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.——
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Yes, my good Lord.
Suf. Away be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerſet, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtrait:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suf. *I'll call him* preſently, my Noble Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry

K. Henry. Lords, take your places: and I pray you all,
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle Glo'ſter,
Than from true evidence of good eſteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee. Well, theſe words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; Glo'ſter is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's ſecret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.
[*King ſwoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the noſe.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh, Henry, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious Henry, comfort.

K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
Their touch affrights me as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majeſty to fright the world.
Look not upon *me, for thine* eyes are wounding!

Yet

Yet do not go away; come, baſiliſk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
In life but double death, now Glo'ſter's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, moſt Chriſtian-like, laments his death.
And for myſelf, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-conſuming ſighs, recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
Look pale as primroſe with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away;
So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ſter, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Glo'ſter's tomb?
Why then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his ſtatue, and do worſhip to it,
And make my image but an alehouſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the ſea,
And twice by adverſe winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this? but well-forewarning winds
Did ſeem to ſay, Seek not a ſcorpion's neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore.
What did I then, but curſe the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow toward's England's bleſſed ſhore,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But

But left that hateful office unto thee. *
The ſplitting rocks cow'r'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace periſh Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm:
And when the duſky ſky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the ſea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I loſt fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and witch me, as Aſcanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? art thou not falſe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou doſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Saliſbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke Humphry traiterouſly is murder'd
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beaufort's means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in their revenge.
Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry.

* ——— office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting ſea *refus'd to drown me;*
Knowing that thou would'ſt have me drown'd on ſhore
With tears as ſalt as ſea, through thy unkindneſs
The ſplitting rocks, &c.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That I ſhall do, my Liege: ſtay, Saliſbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes in.*

K. Henry. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
To tell my love upon his dumb, deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies.

[*Bed with Glouceſter's body put forth.*

And to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For with his ſoul fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
With that dread King that took our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathful curſe,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
What inſtance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is ſettled in his face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meagre, pale, and bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify thy cheek again.

But

But ſee, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;
Staring full ghaſtly, like a ſtrangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
Look on the ſheets: his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here:
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
Myſelf and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

War. But both of you had vow'd Duke Humphry's death,
And you, forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeen he found an enemy.

2. Mar. Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humphry's timeleſs death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an ax,
But will ſuſpect 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloodied beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.

2. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a *kite?* where are his talons?

Suf I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's a 'vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That ſlanders me with murder's crimſon badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.

War. What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk dare him?

2. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe *to be an arrogant controller,*
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thouſand times.

War. Madam, be ſtill; with rev'rence may I ſay;
For ev'ry word you ſpeak in his behalf
Is ſlander to your Royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl; and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruit thou art;
And never of the Nevills' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Sovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt;—
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to Duke Humphry's ghoſt.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

SCENE VII.

K. Henry. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath this quarrel juſt;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

2. Mar. What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence! dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf.

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs Lord Suffolk ſtrait be put to death,
Or baniſhed fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke Humphry died;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs' death,
And mere inſtinct of love and loyalty
(Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided tow'rds your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd,
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe Suffolk is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Saliſbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpoliſh'd hands,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their Sovereign!
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how quient an orator you are.
But all the honour Saliſbury hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador
Sent from a *ſort of tinkers* to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, Saliſbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do intreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſy
Miſchance unto my ſtate by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I ſay: if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But when I ſwear, it is irrevocable;
If after three days ſpace thou here be'ſt found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life.
Come, Warwick; good Warwick; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, &c.*

SCENE VIII. *Manent Queen and Suffolk.*

Q. Mar. Miſchance and ſorrow go along with you!
Heart's diſcontent and ſour affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle Queen, theſe execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them? Wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curs'd, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,

Mine

Mine hair be fix'd on end like one diſtract:
Ay, ev'ry joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban.
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt meat they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a grove of cypreſs trees!
Their chiefeſt proſpect murd'ring baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lizards' ſtings!
Their muſic frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs!
And boding ſcreech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—— [ſelf;

Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet Suffolk, thou torment'ſt thy-
And theſe dread curſes, like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe; give me thy
That I may dew it with my mournful tears; [hand,
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt think on theſe lips by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd, whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand [illegible],
Loather a hundred times to part than die,
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is world itſelf;
With ev'ry ſev'ral pleaſure in the world:
And where thou art not, deſolation.
I can no more.——Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

SCENE IX. *Enter Vaux.*

2. Mar. Whither goes Vaux ſo faſt? what news, I [pr'ythee?

Vaux. To ſignify unto his Majeſty.

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphry's ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes he calls the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

2. Mar. Go tell this heavy meſſage to the King.

[*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world? what news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increaſe, mine for my ſorrows.
Now get thee hence; the King, thou know'ſt, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body;

And

And then it liv'd in ſweet Elyſium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
Oh! let me ſtay, befal what may befal.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, ſweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee:
For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that ſhall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt caſket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE X. *The Cardinal's bedchamber.*

Enter King Henry, Saliſbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? ſpeak, Beaufort, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou be'ſt Death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign ſpeaks to thee.

Car. "Bring me unto my trial when you will.
"Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?
"Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs——
"Alive again? then ſhew me where he is:
"I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him——
"He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
"Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
"Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul.
"Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
"Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him."

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh,

Oh, beat away the buſy, meddling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
K. Henry. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.
War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coaſt of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk and other priſoners.

Capt. "THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day,
"Is crept into the boſom of the ſea:
"And now loud howling wolves arouſe the jades
"That drag the tragic melancholy night;
"Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings,
"Clip dead mens' graves, and from their miſty jaws
"Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air."
Therefore bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize:
For whilſt our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.
Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy ſhare.
1 *Gent.* What is my ranſom, Maſter, let me know.
Maſt. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats, for die you ſhall:
Nor can thoſe lives which we have loſt in fight,

Be

Be counterpois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.
1 Gent. I'll give it, Sir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2 Gent. And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whit. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it thou ſhalt die; [*To Suffolk.*
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.
Capt. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.———
Whit. And ſo am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I ſhould die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince;
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?
Capt. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.
Suf. Obſcure and lowly ſwain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom.
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And *duly waited for my coming* forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And

And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?

Capt. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.

Capt. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's ſide Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.

Capt. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

Ay, kennel—puddle——ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver ſpring where England drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the treaſure of the realm;
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke Humphry's death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhall grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor ſubject, wealth, nor diadem!
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were ſold to France;
The falſe-revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord; and Picardy
Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpris'd our forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
(Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,)
As hating thee, are riſing up in arms.
And now the houſe of York (thruſt from the crown
By ſhameful murder of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny)
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd ſun ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a God, to ſhoot forth thunder

Upon

Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges!
Small things make baſe men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more,
Than Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian pirate.
Drones ſuck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thyſelf.
Thy words move rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of meſſage from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſs the channel.

Capt. Walter———

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pœnæ gelidus timor occupat artus: 'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear before I leave thee. What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?

1 *Gen.* My gracious Lord, intreat him; ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit: no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Capt. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman ſworder and Bandetto ſlave
Murder'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*

Capt. And as for thoſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet.
It is our pleaſure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the reſt.*

Manet.

* *Cic. de offic. lib.* 2. *cap.* 11.

Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,
Until the Queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit Whit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Southwark.*

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a ſword though made of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

Hol. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never a merry world in England ſince gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable age! virtue is not regarded in handycraftſmen.

Hol. The Nobility think ſcorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is ſaid, *Labour in thy vocation;* which is as much as to ſay, Let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it; for there's no better ſign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them; there's Beſt's ſon, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher.———

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver.———

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father———

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. Command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer———

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade My mother a Plantagenet———

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies———

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof*.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be———

* *A quibble intended between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried,* that is, *long worn.*

All. God ſave your Majeſty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There ſhall be no money; all ſhall eat and drink upon my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment; that parchment being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings; but I ſay, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He 'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They uſe to write it on the top of letters*: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf like an honeſt plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſs'd; away with him: he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade.

* *i. e. Of letters* miſſive, *and ſuch like public acts.* See Malvillon's *Diplomata.*

Cade. Away with him, I ſay; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down. He ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as himſelf. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myſelf a knight preſently. Riſe up, *Sir John Mortimer.* Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher. Riſe up, *Sir Dick Butcher.* Now ſound up the drum.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and ſoldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forſake this groom;
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not *.
It is to you, good people, that I ſpeak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer,
And thou thyſelf a ſhearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this.——Edmund Mortimer Earl of March married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

* *i. e. I regard not. A common* phraſe of that time.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. Ay, there's the queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true.
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a beggar-woman ſtol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His ſon am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,
That ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myſelf. Go to, ſirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's ſake, Henry the Fifth, (in whoſe time boys went to ſpan-counter for French crowns,) I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for ſelling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reaſon; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow Kings, I tell you, that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak French, and therefore is a traitor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can. The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then; I aſk but this, can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counſellor or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That thoſe which fly before the battle ends,
May (even in their wives' and childrens' ſight)

Be

Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you that be the King's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoone;
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt Cade and his party.*

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlain.*

Re-enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Aſhford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behavedſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter-houſe: therefore thus I will reward thee. The lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I deſire no more.

Cade. And, to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's ſword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Black-heath.*

Enter King Henry with a ſupplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard, that grief ſoftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.

But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?

Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the rebels' ſupplication?

K. Henry. I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to intreat;
For God forbid ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the ſword. And I myſelf,
Rather than bloody war ſhould cut them ſhort,
Will parly with Jack Cade their General.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highneſs ſhall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſſ. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my Lord.
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf *Lord Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of Clarence' houſe;
And calls your Grace uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs.
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed.
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until

Until a power be raiſed to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
Theſe Kentiſh rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes;
The raſcal people thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear
To ſpoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horſe.

K. Henry. Come, Marg'ret, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewell, my Lord; truſt not to Kentiſh rebels.

Buck. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to London.*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade ſlain?

1 *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be ſlain: for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf.
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower;
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you Matthew Goff.
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Cannon-ſtreet.*

Enter Jack Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaff on London-ſtone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this city, and h
ſitting upon London-ſtone, I charge and command t
of the city's coſt the piſſing conduit run nothing but
ret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now hencef
ward it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other th
Lord Mortimer.

Enter a ſoldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill h*

Weav. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *J*
Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together
Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but fi
go and ſet London-bridge on fire, and if you can, bu
down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omn*

SCENE *changes to Smithfield.*

Alarum. Matthew Goff is ſlain, and all the reſt. *Th*
enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. So, Sirs. Now go ſome and pull down the S
voy; others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that wor

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out
your mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then; for he was thru
in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be ſtinking law, for his brea
ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Awa
burn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be th
parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, unle
his teeth be pull'd out.

C

Cade. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which ſold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times — Ah, thou Say, thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-black of our juriſdiction regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of Normandy unto Monſieur Baſimecu*, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the beſom that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art. Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and ſuch abominable words as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

Dick. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,———

Dick. What ſay you of Kent?

Say.

* He means to ſay, *Baiſez ma queüe.*

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will. Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle;
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy:
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not Maine, I loſt not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never:
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks;
Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the King:
And ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unleſs you be poſſeſs'd with dev'liſh ſpirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I ſtruck Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead. [

George. O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poor mens' cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

Cade Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why doſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The palſy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?

Have

Have I affected wealth or honour? ſpeak.
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,
This breaſt from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!———

Cade. I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words; but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an' it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he ſpeaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir James Cromer, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers, God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt ſome with Lord Say.*] The proudeſt Peer of the realm ſhall not wear a head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not a maid be married, but he ſhall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it: men ſhall hold of me *in capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, preſently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiſs one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, leſt they conſult about the giving up of ſome more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil of the city until night; for with theſe borne before us, inſtead of maces, will we ride through the ſtreets, and at every corner *have them kiſs*. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to Southwark.*

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-ftreet, down St. Magnus' corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

[*A parley ſounded.*

What noiſe is this I hear?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will diſturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambaſſadors from the King
Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye, countrymen; will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.

All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye ſo brave? and you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought you would never have given out theſe arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo God's curſe light upon you all!

All. *We'll follow* Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. *Is Cade* the ſon of Henry the Fifth,

That

at thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
ill he conduct you through the heart of France,
d make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
as! he hath no home, no place to fly to:
r knows he how to live but by the ſpoil,
leſs by robbing of your friends and us.
ere't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
e fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,
ould make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
ethinks already in this civil broil
ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
ying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
tter ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
han you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
o France! to France! and get what you have loſt;
are England, for it is your native coaſt.
enry hath mercy, you are ſtrong and manly:
od on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurpriſe me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you; and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my followers' baſe and ignominious treaſons, make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him. And he that brings his head unto the King, ſhall have a thouſand crowns for his reward. [*Exeunt ſome of them.*

Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VIII. *The palace at Killingworth.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerſet on the terrace.

K. Henry. Was ever King that 'joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never ſubject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majeſty!
K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade ſur-
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong? [priſ'd?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highneſs' doom of life or death.
K. Henry. Then, heav'n, ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:
And ſo with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.
All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puiſſant and mighty pow'r
Of deſp'rate gallow-glaſſes and ſtout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerſet, whom he terms a traitor.
K. Henry. Thus ſtands my ſtate 'twixt Cade and York
diſtreſs'd;
Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt,
Is ſtraitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driv'n back, his men diſpers'd;
And now is York in arms to ſecond him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,

And

And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A garden in Kent.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition; fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and I think this word *sallet* was born to do me good; for many a time but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown-bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;

Sufficeth that I have maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for ent'ring his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thouſand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid while England ſtands,
That Alexander Iden, an Eſquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, let this my ſword report
(Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words) what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech Jove on my knees thou may'ſt be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am ſlain! Famine, and no other, hath ſlain me: let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. *Wither garden*, and be henceforth a burying-place to all

all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead. Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat, T' emblaze the honour which thy maſter got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, Heaven be my judge!
Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the fields near London.

Enter York, with his army of Iriſh, with drum and colours.

York. FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful King!
Ah, Majeſty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword or ſceptre balance it.
A ſceptre ſhall it have, (have I a ſoul,)
On which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well
York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeti
Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
Buck. A meſſenger from Henry our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace?
Or why, thou, being a ſubject as I am,
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
Shouldſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.
York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury. *Aſide*
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more ſtrong.
O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the ſtate.
Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour is he priſoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour he is priſoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
You ſhall have pay and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldeſt ſon; nay, all my ſons,

As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his highneſs' tent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the King's pavilion.*

Enter King Henry, and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York, attended.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. Henry. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel Cade,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a King,
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat ſlew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how juſt art thou?
O, let me view his viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of Kent, that loves the King.

Buck. So pleaſe it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerſet.

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerſet comes with the the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thouſand Yorks he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is Somerſet at liberty?
Then, York, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee! no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown:
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſceptre.
That gold muſt round ingirt theſe brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to Achilles's ſpear†)
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is hand to hold a ſceptre up,
And with the ſame to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heav'n thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, York,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and crown;
Obey,

† The ſtory is, that Telephus the ſon of Hercules, being King of Myſia, oppoſed the paſſage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievouſly wounded by Achilles, conſulted the oracle how he might be cured. The anſwer he received was, That nothing but the ſame ſpear which gave the wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles, who, by the ruſt from the ſteel of his ſpear ſcraped into the wound, cured him. And in return for ſo great a benefit, Telephus followed Achilles as an auxiliary to the ſiege of Troy. Ovid refers to this ſtory in the following verſes.

Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam feceret hoſte
Vulneris auxilium Pelias haſta tulit.

And Propertius,

Myſus & Æmoniâ juvenis quâ cuſpide vulnus
Senſerat, hâc ipſâ cuſpide ſenſit opem.

Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.
York. Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail;
Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my infranchiſement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
Outcaſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter Edward Plantagenet and Richard Plantagenet.

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happineſs to my Lord the King.
York. I thank thee, Clifford; ſay, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, York, I do not miſtake;
But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:
To Bedlam with him; is the man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious hu-
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King. [mour
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, ſons?
E. Plan. Ay, Noble father, if our words will ſerve.
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
York. Look *in a glaſs,* and call thy image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart traitor;

Call

Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears †,
That with the very ſhaking of their chains
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking curs;
Bid Saliſbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earls of Saliſbury and Warwick.

Clif. Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.

R. Plan. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held;
Who, being ſuffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
If you oppoſe yourſelves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy ſhape.

York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Saliſbury, ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
Thou mad miſleader of thy brain-ſick ſon,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal ſeat.

K. Henry. Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?

Sal.

† *Alluding to the Nevills'* creſt, which was the bear and ragged ſtaff.

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heav'n for ſuch an oath?

Sal. It is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath.
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?

Q. Mar. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were beſt go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.

Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſe's badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevill's creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And ſo to arms, victorious Noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for ſhame, ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Jeſu Chriſt to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul ſtigmatic, that's more than thou canſt tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll ſurely ſup in hell.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle at St. Alban's.*

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,)
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my Noble Lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford ſlew my ſteed:
But match to match I have encount'red him.
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows,
Ev'n of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick: ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
War. Then nobly, York! 'tis for a crown thou fight'ſt.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my ſoul to leave thee unaſſail'd. [*Exit War.*
Cliff. What ſeeſt thou in me, York? why doſt thou pauſe?
York. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.
York. So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it.
Clif. My ſoul and body on the action both!——
York. A dreadful lay, addreſs thee inſtantly. [*Fight.*
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
Peace with his ſoul, Heav'n, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout.
Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds

Where

Where ſhould it guard. O War! thou ſon of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no ſoldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no ſelf-love; for he that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of valour.——O let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premiſed † flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe! Waſt thou ordained, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone; and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. York not our old men ſpares.
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Abſyrtus did.
In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's houſe;
As did Æneas old Anchiſes bear,
So I bear thee upon my manly ſhoulders:
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerſet, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there: [*Somerſet is kill'd.*
For underneath an alehouſe' paltry ſign,
The caſtle in St. Alban's, Somerſet
Hath made *the wizard famous in* his death.

† *Premiſed*, for *ſent before their time.*

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill.
Prieſts pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit Richard Plantagenet.*

SCENE VI.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away.

K. Henry. Can we outrun the heav'ns! good Marg'ret, ſtay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly.
Now is it manhood, wiſdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: incurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent party.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Saliſbury, who can report of him?
That winter-lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions and all bruiſe of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day
Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If Saliſbury be loſt.

R. Plan.

R. Plan. My Noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in an homely houſe,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day;
By th' maſs, ſo did we all. I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.
York. I know our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent court of parliament.
Let us purſue him ere the writs go forth.
What ſays Lord Warwick? ſhall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. Alban's' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befal! [*Exeunt.*

THE

THIRD PART OF HENRY VI*.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE

DUKE OF YORK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.
Edward, *son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*
Duke of Somerset, Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Exeter, Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Clifford, — *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
Earl of Richmond, *a youth, afterwards K. Henry* VII.
Richard, *Duke of York.*
Edward, *eldest son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward* IV.
George, *Duke of Clarence, second son to the Duke of York.*
Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, third son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard* III.
Edmund, *Earl of Rutland, youngest son to the Duke of York.*
Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Montague, Earl of Warwick, — *Of the D. of York's party.*
Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Hastings, Lord Stafford, — *Of the D. of York's party.*
Sir John Mortimer, Sir Hugh Mortimer, — *Uncles to the D. of York.*
Sir William Stanley, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to Lady Gray.*
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York.
Somervile.
Humphry and Sinklo, *two huntsmen.*
Lewis, *King of France.*
Bourbon, *Admiral of France.*
Queen Margaret.
Bona, *sister to the French King.*
Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward* IV.
Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward.

In part of the third Act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

* First printed under the title of *The true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth*; or, *The second part of the contention between York and Lancaster*, 1600. Mr. Pope.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands!

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood;
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
Is his Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my Lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force.
York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we ſhall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs Plantagenet Duke of York be King;
And baſhful Henry depos'd, whoſe cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not; my Lords, be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick ſhake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare:
Reſolve thee, Richard; claim the Engliſh crown.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmoreland, Exeter and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of ſtate; belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick that falſe peer)
T' aſpire unto the crown, and reign as King.
Earl of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father;
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his fav'rites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in ſteel.
Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Weſtmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch as he:
He durſt not ſit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the parliament
Let us aſſail the family of York.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin, be it ſo.
K. Henry. Ah! know you not the city favours them.
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
To make a ſhambles of the parliament-houſe. [heart,
Couſin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to uſe.
Thou factious Duke of York, deſcend my throne,
[*To the Duke.*
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

Exe. For ſhame come down: he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown,

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping Henry.

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his natural King?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?

York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thyſelf.

War. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.

Weſt. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter;
And that the Lord of Weſtmoreland ſhall maintain.

War. And Warwick ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.

Weſt. Plantagenet, of thee, and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, Warwick, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death before I ſtir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats.

York. Will you we ſhew our title to the crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

I am the ſon of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you loſe:
Father, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.———
York. Sons, peace.
K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to ſpeak.
War. Plantagenet ſhall ſpeak firſt: hear him, Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentive too;
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not live.
K. Henry. Think'ſt thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandſire and my father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great ſorrow,
Shall be my winding-ſheet. Why faint you, Lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou ſhalt be King.
K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his King.
K. Henry. I know not what to ſay, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whoſe heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He roſe againſt him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to reſign his crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Ex

Exe. No, for he could not ſo reſign his crown,
But that the next heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
K. Henry. Art thou againſt us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me he is lawful King.
K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not that Henry ſhall be ſo depos'd.
War. Depos'd he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power
Of Eſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke up in deſpight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence,
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive,
Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my father!
K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaſter, reſign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill this houſe with armed men,
And o'er the chair of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.
[*He ſtamps with his foot, and the ſoldiers ſhew themſelves.*
K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;
Let me but reign in quiet while I live.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your ſon?
War. What good is this to England and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing Henry!
Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us!
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe news.
Weſt. Farewell, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whose cold blood *no ſpark of honour* bides.

North.

North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!———
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd!——
[*Exeunt Nor. Cliff. Weſtm.*

SCENE III.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!———
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
K. Henry. Not for myſelf, Lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may; I hear entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war; and whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign;
Neither by treaſon nor hoſtility
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Henry. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!
York. Now York and Lancaſter are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that ſeeks to make them foes!
[*Sonet. Here they come down.*
York. Farewell, my gracious Lord, I'll to my caſtle.
War. And I'll keep London with my ſoldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the ſea from whence I came.
K. Henry. And I with grief and ſorrow to the court.
[*Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*

Enter the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger.
I'll ſteal away. [*Going.*
K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I.
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee——
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.
Queen. Who can be patient in ſuch extremes?
Ah, wretched man! wou'd I had died a maid,

And

And never ſeen thee, never born thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birthright thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſh'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage Duke thine heir,
And diſinherited thine only ſon.

Prince. Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Marg'ret; pardon me, ſweet ſon;
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke inforc'd me.

Queen. Inforc'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, tim'rous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
And given unto the houſe of York ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy ſepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm;
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe?—ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling lamb invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour.
And ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.
The northern Lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruin of the houſe of York.
Thus I do leave thee. Come, ſon, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me ſpeak.

Queen.

Queen. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle ſon Edward, thou wilt ſtay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.——

Prince. When I return with victʼry from the field, I'll ſee your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her ſon Hath made her break out into terms of rage! Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful Duke, Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire, Will coaſt† my crown; and, like, like an empty eagle, Tire on the fleſh of me and of my ſon! The loſs of thoſe three Lords torments my heart; I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair. Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-caſtle, near Wakefield, in Yorkſhire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No; I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, ſons and brother, at a ſtrife? What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?

Edw. No quarrel, but a ſweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us; The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now: By giving th' houſe of Lancaſter leave to breathe, It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he ſhould quietly reign.

Edw.

† *i. e.* Hover over it.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thouſand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworn!
York. I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
York. Thou canſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
That hath authority o'er him that ſwears.
Henry hath none; but did uſurp the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white roſe that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be King or die.
Brother thou ſhalt to London preſently.
And whet on Warwick to this enterpriſe.
Thou, Richard, ſhalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, ſhall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe,
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter Meſſenger.

But ſtay, what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
Meſſ. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intends here to beſiege you in your caſtle.
She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.
York. Ay,—with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you ſhall ſtay with me;

LOOKS

My brother Montague ſhall poſt to London.
Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the reſt,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fe arit not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to beſiege us.

Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thouſand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what ſhould we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtrait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs!

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A field of battle betwixt Sandal-caſtle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither ſhall I fly to 'ſcape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life:
As for the brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,

Left

Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragged off.*

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him cloſe his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject of thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of York
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul:
And till I root out their accurſed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death;
To thee I pray——ſweet Clifford, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt in revenge thereof (ſith God is juſt)
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days;
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die; for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe!

Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.

[*Clif. ſtabs him.*

Rut. Dii faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ†! [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe,
Turn back, and fly like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My ſons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb:
A ſceptre, or an earthly ſepulchre.
With this we charg'd again: but out! alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a ſwan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do purſue:
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The ſands are number'd that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,

† Ovid.

I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy as his ruthleſs arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my father.
Now Phæton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So deſp'rate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.

York. Oh, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that ſlanders him with cowardice,
Whoſe frown had made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's praiſe to take all 'vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay; ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.

[*In the ſtruggle York is taken priſoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. *Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,*
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here,

That raught at mountains with outſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's King?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York; but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch'd thine intrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport.
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.
A crown for York——and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.

[*Putting a paper-crown on his head.*

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our King Henry had ſhook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;
And whilſt we breathe, take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
"That beggars mounted run their horse to death."
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at,
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.
North.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs father's tears.
This cloth thou dipp'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul the hearers will ſhed tears;
And ſay, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"——
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curſe:
And in thy need ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world.
My ſoul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my kin,
I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.
Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Cif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*
Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
[*Stabs him alſo.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My ſoul flies through theſe wounds to ſeek out thee.
[*Dies.*
Queen. Off with his head, and ſet it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's croſs in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I Wonder how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's purſuit?

Had

Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
Or had he 'ſcap'd, methinks we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my brother? why is he ſo ſad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I ſaw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he ſingled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear incompaſs'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father.
Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his ſon.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun.
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee, they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable.
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never heard
I think it cites us, brother, to the field; [of;
That we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
And overſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:——by your leave I ſpeak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel

Some

Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſſ. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of York was ſlain,
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.
Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.
Meſſ. Invironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtrokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak,
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight:
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay.
Oh Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford! thou haſt ſlain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry.
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt!
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never, ſhall I ſee more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep: for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden:
For th' ſelf-ſame wind that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breaſt;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:

Tear

Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll 'venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, ſay,
Either they're thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

SCENE II.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our fleſh till all were told,
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is ſlain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears;
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſt could run,
Were brought me of your loſs and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St. Alban's t'intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed
That ſhe was coming, with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought.
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,

Who

Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death;
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward.
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope to win the day:
So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Maries* with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the laſt, ſay, Ay; and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords: the proud inſulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting King, like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath inrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welchmen canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand;
Why, *via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes!——
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries, Retire,—if Warwick bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall; which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry borough as we paſs along:
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums; God and St. George for *us!*

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Meſſ. The Duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt,
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

War. Why then it ſorts; brave warriors, let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with drums and trumpets.

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That ſought to be incompaſs'd with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;
To ſee this ſight, it irks my very ſoul:
With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt that would uſurp their den,
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt-bear doth lick?
Not his that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his ſon a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a loving ſire:
Thou being a King, bleſs'd with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence!
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a ſhame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill-got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah, couſin York, 'would thy beſt friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your ſpirits, our foes are nigh,
And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight;
And learn this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs;

For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſs would depart the field:
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My Royal father, cheer theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *St. George!*

SCENE IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And ſet thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.

Clif. And reaſon too:
Who ſhould ſucceed the father but the ſon?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot ſpeak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not ſatisfy'd.

Rich. For God's ſake, Lords, give ſignal to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at St. Alban's laſt,

You

Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.——
Break off the parly, for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-ſwoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I ſlew thy father, call'ſt thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a daſtard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland:
But ere ſun-ſet I'll make thee curſe the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Defy them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword.
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, ſhall I have my right or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine unleſs thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in juſtice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatic,
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea,)
Sham'ſt thou *not, knowing* whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?

Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs callat know herſelf.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Altho' thy huſband may be Menelaus:
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that falſe woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin ſtoop:
And had he match'd according to his ſtate,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal-day,
Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhow'r for him,
That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Had'ſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the ax to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this reſolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or elſe a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward——

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer ſtay;
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a field of battle at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhire.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength;
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n! or ſtrike, ungentle Death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.
War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?
Edw. Bootleſs is flight; they follow us with wings,
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?
Thy brother's† blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd.
(Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,)
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And

† *He was not the Marquis of* Montague who was ſlain in this battle, *but a natural brother of* the Earl of Warwick.

And in this vow do chain my ſoul with thine.
And ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up and plucker down of Kings!
Beſeeching thee, if with thy will it ſtands
That to my foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!——
Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle War-
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: [wick,
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

War. Away, away: once more, ſweet Lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay,
And call them pillars that will ſtand to us;
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards,
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone;
Suppoſe this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf;
And ſo have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, ſingle out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poiſe of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſet me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good-will were ſo:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
'O God! methinks it were a happy life
'To be no better than a homely ſwain;
'To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
'To carve out dials queintly, point by point.
'Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
'How many make the hour full complete,
'How many hours bring about the day,
'How many days will finiſh up the year,
'How many years a mortal man may live.
'When this is known, then to divide the time;
'So many hours muſt I tend my flock,
'So many hours muſt I take my reſt,
'So many hours muſt I contemplate,
'So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
'So many days my ewes have been with young,
'So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
'So many months ere I ſhall ſhear the fleece:
'So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
'Paſt over, to the end they were created,
'*Would bring white hairs* unto a quiet grave.'

Ah!

Ah! What a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To Kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſons wait on him.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.——
This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns;
And I that haply take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man to me.
Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From London by the King was I preſs'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, preſs'd by his maſter;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his ſon.

Fath. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee. Is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only ſon!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable age!
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Woe above woe, grief more than common grief;
O that my death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth.
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd!

K. Henry. How will the country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd!

Son. Was ever ſon ſo ru'd a father's death!

Fath. Was ever father ſo bemoan'd his ſon!

K. Henry. Was ever King ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe!
Much is your ſorrow, mine ten times ſo much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit.*

Fath. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet boy, *ſhall* be thy ſepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go,

My

My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral-bell.
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murder'd where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Sad hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here ſits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

Alarms. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

Queen. Mount you, my Lord, toward Berwick poſt amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A loud alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which while it laſted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaſter! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee. [*Falling.*
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, ſtrength'ning miſ-proud York.
The common people ſwarm like ſummer-flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadſt thou never giv'n conſent

That

That Phæton ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning car had never ſcorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of York,
They never then had ſprung like ſummer-flies.
And ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight.
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the reſt;
I ſtabb'd your fathers' boſoms, ſplit my breaſt.

[*He faints.*

Alarum, and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pauſe,
And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a ſail fill'd with a fretting guſt,
Command an argoſie to ſtem the waves.
But think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.

[*Clifford groans.*

Rich. Whoſe ſoul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life in death departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently uſed.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But ſet his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring:
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head.
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there.
Inſtead whereof let his ſupply the room.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcreech-owl to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death to us and ours.
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threat'ning ſound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.

War. I think his underſtanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'erſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees nor hears us what we ſay.

Rich. O would he did! and ſo perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, aſk mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſs penitence.

War. Clifford, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.

Cla. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didſt love York, and I am ſon to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'ſt Rutland, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford, ſwear as thou waſt wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes
When Clifford cannot ſpare his friends an oath.
I know by that he's dead; and, by my ſoul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all deſpight might rail at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtaunched thirſt
York and young Rutland could not ſatisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,

There

There to be crowned England's Royal King:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t'offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Britanny I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glo'ster;
And George, of Clarence; Warwick as ourself
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of Glo'ster;
For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Glo'ster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

Sink. UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.
Hum. Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſs'd.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I ſtol'n ev'n of pure love
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſceptre wrung from thee;
Thy balm waſh'd off wherewith thou waſt anointed.
No bending knee will call thee Cæſar now,
No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for right;
No not a man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?
Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's ſeize upon him.
K. Henry. Let me embrace theſe ſour adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
K. Henry. My Queen and ſon are gone to France for aid
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French King's ſiſter
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and ſon! your labour is but loſt:
For Warwick is a ſubtle orator;
And Lewis a prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild while ſhe doth mourn;
And Nero would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left ſide craving aid for Henry;
He on his right aſking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and ſays, her Henry is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his Edward is inſtall'd;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more:
While Warwick tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,

And in concluſion wins the King from her,
With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King Edward's place.
O Marg'ret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor ſoul,
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'ſt of Kings and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be; [born to;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why, ſo I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian ſtones;
Not to be ſeen: my crown is call'd *Content;*
A crown it is that ſeldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your crown Content and you muſt be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never ſuch an oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Hum. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old.
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No, we were ſubjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt;
Such is the lightneſs of you common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that ſin

My mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded:
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true ſubjects to the King, King Edward.
K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were ſeated as King Edward is.
Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. Brother of Glo'ſter, at St. Alban's field
This lady's huſband, Sir John Gray*, was ſlain,
His land then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny;
Becauſe, in quarrel of the houſe of York,
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.
Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.
Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee the lady hath a thing to grant
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.
Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. Silence.
K. Edw. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.
Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now;
And what your pleaſure is ſhall ſatisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An' if what pleaſes him ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar.

* *Vid. Hall, 3d year of Edw.* IV. folio 5. It was hitherto falſely printed *Richard.* Mr. Pope.

Clar. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages.
K. Edw. How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their father's lands.
Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
K. Edw. Now, tell me, Madam, do you love your children?
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
Gray. To do them good I would ſuſtain ſome harm.
K. Edw. Then get your huſband's lands to do them good.
Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.
Gray. So Shall you bind me to your Highneſs' ſervice.
K. Edw. What ſervice wilt thou do me if I give them?
Gray. What you command that reſts in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.
Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt.
Gray. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?
K. Edw. An eaſy taſk, 'tis but to love a King.
Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give *thee.*

Gray.

Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.
Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy.
K. Edw. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another ſenſe.
What love think'ſt thou I ſue ſo much to get?
Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive.
Your Highneſs aims at, if I am aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in priſon.
K. Edw. Why then, thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.
Gray. Why then, mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.
Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me,
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, or with Ay or No.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt ſay Ay to my requeſt;
No, if thou doſt ſay No to my demand.
Gray. Then, No, my Lord; my ſuit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendom.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty.
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge ſovereignty;
One way or other ſhe is for a King;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my Queen.
Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen?
Gray. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my Queen.
Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my ſons ſhould call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other ſome: why, 'is a happy thing
To be the father unto many ſons.
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
K. Edw. You'd think it ſtrange if I ſhould marry her.
Cla. To whom, my Lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
Glo. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jeſt on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your priſoner to your palace-gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion,
Widow, go you along: Lords, uſe her honourably.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Manent Glouceſter.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my ſoul's deſire and me,

(The

(The luſtful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward;
And all th' unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myſelf.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
Why, then I do but dream on ſov'reignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wiſh, the crown being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impoſſible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back;
Where ſits Deformity to mock my body,
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize,
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear ſuch
As are of better perſon than myſelf;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but hell.
Until the head this miſhap'd trunk doth bear,

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I (like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling deſp'rately to find it out)
Torment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown.
And from that torment I will free myſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall,
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk,
I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
I can add colours ev'n to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes with Proteus, for advantages;
And ſet th' aſpiring Catiline to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to France.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy ſtate,
And birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand while Lewis ſits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to *my humble ſeat* conform myſelf.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Why, ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings thi
deep deſpair?

Queen. From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears,
And ſtops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in care

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
And fit thee by our ſide. Yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by hi*
To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Thoſe gracious words revive my droopin
thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Uſurps the regal title and the ſeat
Of England's true anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe that I, poor Margaret,
With this my ſon Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our peers are both miſled,
Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſeeſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the
ſtorm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiting, rues to-morrow;
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

SCENE V. *Enter Warwick.*

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our pre-
ſence?

Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick: what brings thee to France? [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindneſs and unfeigned love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue's.

Queen. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That Henry liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward ſtands, King Henry's ſon.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour;
For tho' uſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!——

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Becauſe thy father Henry did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince than ſhe is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick diſannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spain;
And *after John of Gaunt*, Henry the Fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;

And after that wiſe prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his proweſs conquered all France.
From theſe our Henry lineally deſcends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath loſt
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks theſe Peers of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt, you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and ſix years, [Liege
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?
War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſehood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave Henry, and call Edward King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of Lancaſter.
War. And I the houſe of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Lord Oxford,
Vouchſafe at our requeſt to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe farther conference with Warwick.
Queen. Heav'ns grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They ſtand aloof.*
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me even upon thy conſcience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful choſen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter Bona.
War. Such it ſeems
As may beſeem a Monarch like himſelf.
Myſelf have often heard him ſay and ſwear,

That

That this his love was an external plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſs, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.

K. Edw. Then, Warwick, this: Our ſiſter ſhall be
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn [Edward's.
Touching the jointure that your King muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witneſs,
That Bona ſhall be wife to th' Engliſh King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the Engliſh King.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And ſtill is friend to him and Margaret.
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good ſucceſs,
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his eaſe,
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs Warwick, peace!
Proud ſetter up and puller down of Kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy ſly conveyance†, and thy Lord's falſe love:
[*Poſt, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is ſome poſt to us or thee.

† *Thy conveyance is here meant* the art of a juggler, tricks of legerdemain.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Poſt.*

Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you,
[*To Warwick.*
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
Theſe from our King unto your Majeſty.
[*To King Lew.*
And, Madam, theſe for you; from whom I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis ſtamps as he were net-
I hope all's for the beſt. [tled.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine ſuch as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the Lady
And now, to ſoothe your forgery and his, [Gray?
Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he ſeeks with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majeſty as much before.
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honeſty.

War. King Lewis, I here proteſt in ſight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliſs,
That I am clear from this miſdeed of Edward's;
No more my King; for he diſhonours me;
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſs th' abuſe done to my niece †?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
Shame on himſelf, for my deſert is honour!
And to repair my honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My Noble Queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true ſervitor:

† *Whom* King Edward attempted in the Earl of Warwick's *houſe.* Holinſ.

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former ſtate.

Queen. Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him.
And, as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?

Queen. Renowned prince, how ſhall poor Henry live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Marg-ret's.
Therefore at laſt I firmly am reſolv'd,
You ſhall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's meſſenger, return in poſt,
And tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I wear the willow garland for his ſake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.—— [*Exit Poſt.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thyſelf and Oxford with five thouſand men
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe Edward battle:
And, as occaſion ſerves, this Noble Queen
And prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.

Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your mo
Son Edward, ſhe is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter ſhall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Wa*

K. Lew. Why ſtay we now? theſe ſoldiers ſh
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral, [I
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's miſchance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of France.
[*Exeunt. Manet Wa*

War. I came from Edward as Ambaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's miſery,
But ſeek revenge on Edward's mockery.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Glouceſter, Clarence, Somerſet, and Monta

Glo. NOW tell me, brother Clarence, wha
you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to E

How could he ſtay till Warwick made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Haſtings: four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well choſen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of Warwick,
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

K. Edw. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe.
They are but Lewis and Warwick, and I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and muſt have my will.

Glo. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our King.
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I ſhould wiſh
Them ſevered whom God hath join'd together:
Ill will to ſunder them that yoke ſo well.

K. Edw. Setting your ſcorns and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady Gray
Should not become my wife, and England's Queen?
And you too, Somerſet and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion, that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealth
Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

Haſt. Why, knows not Montague, that of itſelf
England is *ſafe, if true within* itſelf?

Mont. *Yes; but the ſafer* when 'tis back'd with France.

Haſt.

Haſt. 'Tis better uſing France, than truſting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourſelves:
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.

Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord Haſtings well deſerves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will ſhall ſtand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cla. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonvill on your new wife's ſon,
And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chuſing for yourſelf, you ſhew'd your judg-
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave [ment;
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I ſhortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my ſtate to title of a Queen.
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs
That I was not ignoble of deſcent;
And meaner than myſelf have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger or what ſorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe;
And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. *I hear,* yet ſay not much, but think the more.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter a Poſt.*

K. Edw. Now, Meſſenger, what letters or what news from France?

Poſt. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words,
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee.
So tell their words, as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
What anſwer makes King Lewis to our letters?

Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Go tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis ſo brave? belike he thinks me
But what ſaid Lady Bona to my marriage? [Henry.

Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
She had the wrong. But what ſaid Henry's Queen?
For ſo I heard that ſhe was there in place.

Poſt. Tell him, (quoth ſhe,) my mourning-weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike ſhe means to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid Warwick to theſe injuries?

Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong:
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durſt the traitor breathe out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd.
They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Poſt. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother King, farewell, and ſit you faſt;
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.

You

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerſet follows.*
Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter.
I ſtay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aſide.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerſet both gone to War-
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen; [wick!
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or will ſoon be landed.
Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But ere I go, Haſtings and Montague,
Reſolve my doubt: you twain, of all the reſt,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be ſo, then both depart to him.
I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Haſt. And Haſtings, as he favours Edward's cauſe!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you ſtand by us?
Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
K. Edw. Why ſo, then am I ſure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. *In Warwickſhire.*

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people ſwarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerſet.

But ſee where Somerſet and Clarence come;
Speak ſuddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerſet. I hold it cowardice
To reſt miſtruſtful, where a noble heart

Hath

Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
Elſe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſsly incamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurpriſe and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found th' adventure very eaſy:
That as Ulyſſes and ſtout Diomede
With ſleight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds:
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And ſeize himſelf. I ſay not, ſlaughter him:
For I intend but only to ſurpriſe him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand:
The King by this has ſet him down to ſleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a ſolemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
Till Warwick or himſelf be quite ſuppreſs'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If Warwick be ſo near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what Nobleman is that
That with the King here reſteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Haſtings, the King's chiefeſt friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That *his chief followers* lodge in towns about him,
While he himſelf keeps here in the cold field?

2 Watch.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe the more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worſhip and quietneſs; I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we this royal tent
But to defend his perſon from night-foes? [tent

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, and French ſoldiers, ſilent all.

War. This is his tent; and ſee where ſtands his guard.
Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.

[*Warwick and the reſt cry all, Warwick! Warwick! and ſet upon the guard; who fly, crying, Arms! arms! Warwick and the reſt following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets ſounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerſet, and the reſt, bringing the King out in a gown, ſitting in a chair; Glouceſter and Haſtings flying over the ſtage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Haſtings; let them go, here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.

War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my ambaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of York,
Alas! how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to uſe ambaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to uſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare,
Nor how to ſhroud yourſelf from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
Nay,

y, then I ſee that Edward needs muſt down.
et, Warwick, in deſpight of all miſchance,
f thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
dward will always bear himſelf as King.
hough Fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
y mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's King;
[*Takes off his crown.*
t Henry now ſhall wear the Engliſh crown,
nd be true King indeed; thou but a ſhadow.
y Lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
ee that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
nto my brother, Archbiſhop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady Bona ſent to him.
Now for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide:
It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.
[*Exit King Edward led out forcibly.*
Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our ſoldiers?
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my Sovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſehood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpris'd at unawares;
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb,
This is't that makes me bridle in my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' Engliſh crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head.
Gueſs thou the reſt, King Edward's friends muſt down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right.
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A park near Middleham-caſtle in Yorkſhire.

Enter Glouceſter, Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefeſt thicket of the park.
Thus ſtands the caſe: You know our King, my brother,
Is priſ'ner to the Biſhop, at whoſe hands
He hath good uſage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game,
He ſhall here find his friends with horſe and men,
To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; ſee where the huntſmen ſtand.
ow, brother Glo'ſter, Haſtings, and the reſt,
tand you thus cloſe to ſteal the Biſhop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte,
our horſe ſtands ready here at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither ſhall we then?
Haſt. To Lynn, my Lord,
nd ſhip from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well gueſs'd, believe me, for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.
K. Edw. Biſhop, farewell; ſhield thee from Warwick's frown,
nd pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Tower in London.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken Edward from the regal ſeat,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſove-
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [reign;
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.
K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well uſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs;
For that it made *my impriſonment* a pleaſure;
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſehold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars,
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here reſign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding Fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be bleſs'd in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

War. And I chuſe Clarence only for Protector.

K. Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no diſſenſion hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myſelf will lead a private life;
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke and my Creator's praiſe.

War. What anſwers Clarence to his Sovereign's will?

Clar. That he conſents, if Warwick yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.

War. Why then, though loath, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
To Henry's body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith

thwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
d all his lands and goods confiſcated.
Clar. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence ſhall not want his part.
K. Henry. But with the firſt of all our chief affairs,
t me intreat, for I command no more,
at Margaret your Queen, and my ſon Edward,
ſent for, to return from France with ſpeed.
till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It ſhall be done, my Sovereign, with all ſpeed.
K. Henry. My Lord of Somerſet, what youth is that
whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?
Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: if ſecret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
gueſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
s pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
looks are full of peaceful majeſty,
head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
hand to wield a ſceptre, and himſelf
ely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
ke much of him, my Lords; for this is he
ſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?
Poſt. That Edward is eſcaped from your brother,
d fled, as he hears ſince, to Burgundy.
War. Unſavoury news; but how made he eſcape?
Poſt. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Glo'ſter,
d the Lord Haſtings, who attended him
ecret ambuſh on the foreſt-ſide,
d from the Biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
hunting was his daily exerciſe.
War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
alve for any ſore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
Doubtleſs, Burgundy will yield him help,

And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart miſgive me, in theſe conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to Britanny,
Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repoſſeſs the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to Britanny.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Haſtings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Haſtings, and the reſt,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends;
And ſays, that once more I ſhall interchange
My wained ſtate for Henry's regal crown
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenſpurg, before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made faſt! brother, I like not this.
For many men that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tuſh! man, aboadments muſt not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Haſt. My Liege, I'll knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, Maſter Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward at the leaſt is Duke of York.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſs.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
As being well content with that alone. [dom,

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow. [*Aſide.*

Haſt. Why, Maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd.
[*He deſcends.*

Glo. A wiſe ſtout captain, and perſuaded ſoon!

Haſt. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reaſon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Maſter Mayor; theſe gates muſt not be
But in the night, or in the time of war. [ſhut
What? fear not, man; but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all thoſe friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgom'ry: but we now
Our title to the crown, and only claim [forget
Our dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.

Mont. Then fare you well; for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke.
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins a march.*

K. Edw. Nay, ſtay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll de-
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd. [bate,

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our King,
I'll leave *you to your fortune*, and be gone
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you.

Why

Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit, now arms muſt rule.

Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but uſurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign ſpeaketh like himſelf:
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Haſt. Sound trumpet, Edward ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flouriſh.*

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England, and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoſoe'er gainſays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.
If Fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
Now for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And when the morning-ſun ſhall raiſe his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no ſoldier.
Ah, froward Clarence, evil it beſeems thee
To flatter Henry, and forſake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave ſoldiers, doubt not of the day:
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes again to London.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War. What counſel, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas
And with his troops doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his island girt with th' ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,)
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my Sovereign.
K. Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.
K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*
K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks the pow'r that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
K. Henry. That's not my fear, my deed hath got me fame:
'I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
'Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
'My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,'
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.
You are the fount that make small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tow'r, let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*

And, Lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the walls.

War. WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what ſays my loving ſon?
And by thy gueſs how nigh is Clarence now?
Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my Lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your Honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who ſhould that be? belike unlook'd-for friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parley.
Glo. See how the ſurly Warwick mans the wall.
War Oh, unbid ſpight! is ſportful Edward come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.
War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought at leaſt he would have ſaid the King;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling! Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my King, Warwick his ſubject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's King is Edward's priſoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but anſwer this,

What

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-caſt,
But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the Biſhop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are Warwick ſtill.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail to ſtrike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

SCENE II. *Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

War. O chearful colours! ſee where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaſter!

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will iſſue out again, and bid us battle;
If not, the city being of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouſe the traitors in the ſame.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaſter.

Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, ſhall buy this treaſon
Even with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind preſageth happy gain and conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerſet! Somerſet! for Lancaſter.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love,
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.—

[*A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
(Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,)
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than Jephtha's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently.

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'ſt.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; St. George and victory! [*Exeunt.*
[*March. Warwick and his company follow.*

SCENE III. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

Alarum and excurſions. Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
War Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York. or Warwick?
Why aſk I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle;
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept,
Whoſe top branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
Theſe eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly ſepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:

T

The Queen from France hath brought a puiſſant pow'r;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldſt thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, ſweet brother take, my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp cry'd out for Warwick:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which founded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd; but at laſt
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!——
War. Sweetly reſt his ſoul!
Fly, Lords, and ſave yourſelves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[*They bear away his body, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another part of the field.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Glouceſter, Clarence, and the reſt.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
For every cloud *ingenders not* a ſtorm.
Glo. *The Queen is valued* thirty thouſand ſtrong,

And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her.
If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe tow'rd Tewkſbury.
We having now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight; for willingneſs rids away:
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Tewkſbury.*

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerſet, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;
While in his moan the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that?
And Montague our top-maſt, what of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends, the tackle, what of theſe?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerſet another goodly maſt?
The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings ſtill?
And though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to ſit and weep,
But keep our courſe (though the rough wind ſay, No)
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What Clarence, but a quick ſand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can ſwim, alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the ſand, why, there you quickly ſink;
Beſtride the rock, the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh; that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant ſpirit
Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
Leſt, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, (as God forbid!)
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerſet; ſweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his policy,
To haſte thus faſt to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readineſs.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood.
Which, by the heav'n's aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fewel to your fire,
(For well I wot ye blaze,) to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My tears gainſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your Sovereign,
Is priſoner to the foe, his ſtate uſurp'd,
His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this ſpoil.
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excurſions. Both parties go out.

Re-enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerſet, priſoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes caſtle ſtraight:
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in ſweet Jeruſalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward,

Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious York.
Suppoſe that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy chair; and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldſt have me anſwer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtol'n the breech from Lancaſter.

Prince. Let Æſop fable in a winter's night;
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Laſcivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou miſ-ſhapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou uſurp'ſt my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeneſs of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[*Edward ſtabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Clarence ſtabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall.—— [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recov'ry.

Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to London on a ſerious matter.
Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

Clar.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower!——I'll root 'em out.

Queen. Oh Ned. ſweet Ned! ſpeak to thy mother, boy.
Can't thou not ſpeak? O traitors, murderers!
They that ſtabb'd Cæſar, ſhed no blood at all,
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.
He was a man; this (in reſpect) a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
What's worſe than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak——
And, I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children. Butchers, if you had
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off;
As, deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What? wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; ſweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf:
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
What. wilt thou not? Where is that devil butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed.
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er putt'ſt back.

K. Edw. Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit Queen.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar To London all in poſt, and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.

K Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With

With pay and thanks; and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queen, how well she fares;
By this I hope she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Tower of London.*

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what! at your book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord; I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Richard now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth ev'ry bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos that deny'd our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words:
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor I am sure thou art.

If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.

K. Henry Hadſt thou been kill'd when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſy, that many a thouſand
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,
(Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeleſs death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckleſs tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down trees;
The raven croak'd hoarſe on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignify thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy ſpeech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this——
O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will th'aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my ſword weeps for the poor King's death!
O may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed,
From thoſe who wiſh the downfal of our houſe!
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——
Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother ſay,

I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhould ſnarl and bite, and play the dog.
Then, ſince the heav'ns have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am myſelf alone. ——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad ſuch prophecies,
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his ſon, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the reſt;
Counting myſelf but bad, till I be beſt.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry! in the day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *The palace in London.*

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Glouceſter, Haſtings, Nurſe, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we ſit on England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſon;
And two Northumberlands, two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpicion from our ſeat,

And

And made our footſtool of Security.
Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myſelf
Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night,
Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave; } *Aſide.*
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute.
[*Pointing to his head.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Glo'ſter, love my lovely Queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe your Majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe.
Queen. Thanks, Noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit.——
To ſay the truth, ſo Judas kiſs'd his maſter,
And cry'd, All hail! when as he meant all harm. } *Aſide.*
K. Edw. Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jeruſalem,
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs, mirthful comic ſhows,
Such as befit the pleaſure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, ſour Annoy!
For here I hope begins our laſting joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

: EDWARD IV.
ırd *Prince of* } *ſons to*
les, afterwards } *Edw.* IV.
ard V. }
ırd *Duke of York.* }
ge *Duke of Clarence, brother Edward* IV.
ırd *Duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward* IV. *afterwards ing Richard* III.
nal, Archbiſhop of York.
: of Buckingham.
: of Norfolk.
of Surrey.
quis of Dorſet, *ſon to Queen iſabeth.*
Rivers, *brother to Q. Eliſabeth.*
Gray, *ſon to Q. Eliſabeth.*
of Richmond, *afterwards ing Henry* VII.
ıp of Ely.
Haſtings.
Thomas Vaughan, *a friend the Queen's family.*
ichard Ratcliff, } *friends to*
Lovel, } *the Duke of*
by, } *Gloucester.*
ames Tyrrel, *a villain.*

Thomas Lord Stanely, *Lord Steward of K. Edward* IV.*'s houſehold, afterwards Earl of Derby.*
Earl of Oxford, } *friends to the*
Blount, } *Earl of Rich-*
Herbert, } *mond.*
Sir Wm Brandon. }
Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Two children of the Duke of Clarence.
Lord Mayor.
Sir Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a prieſt, and chaplain to the Counteſs of Richmond.*
Eliſabeth, *Queen of Edward* IV.
Queen Margaret, *widow of Henry* VI.
Anne, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, ſon to Henry* VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*
Dutcheſs of York, *mother to Edward* IV. *Clarence, and Richard* III.
Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murdered by Richard III. *with Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE in England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

Enter Richard Duke of Glouceſter ſolus.

Glo. NOW is the winter of our diſcontent
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York;
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments,
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lafcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs;——
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling * Nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity,
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To

* *By diſſembling* is not meant hypocritical nature, that pretends *one thing* and does another; but nature that puts together things *of a diſſimilar kind*, as a brave ſoul and a deformed body.

To ſet my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King Edward be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe, and treacherous,
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which ſays, that *G.*
Of Edward's heirs the murderer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?
Clar. His Majeſty,
Tend'ring my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cauſe?
Clar. Becauſe my name is *George.*
Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your godfathers.
Belike his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new chriſtened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I proteſt
As yet I do not; but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the croſs-row plucks the letter *G*,
And ſays a wizard told him, that by *G*
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower;
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis ſhe
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the Tower?
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe; Clarence, we are not ſafe.
Clar. By Heav'n, I think there is no man ſecure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and Miſtreſs Shore.
Heard you not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;——I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery.
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majeſty has ſtraitly giv'n in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, Brakenbury!
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man——we ſay the King
Is wiſe and virtuous; and his Noble Queen
Well ſtrook in years; fair, and not over-jealous——
We ſay that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk.
How ſay you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myſelf have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with Miſtreſs Shore!
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were beſt to do it ſecretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her huſband, knave—wouldſt thou betray me?

Brak. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and w
obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,
And whatſoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King Edward's widow ſiſter,)
I will perform it to infranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaſeth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long;
I will deliver you, or elſe lie for you.
Mean time have patience.
Clar. I muſt perforce; farewell. [*Exe. Brak. Clar.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou ſhalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the preſent at my hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Haſtings?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience, Noble Lord, as pris'ners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pity that the eagle ſhould be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weak, and melancholy;
And his phyſicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by St. Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?
Haſt. He is, my Lord.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Haſtings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
Till George be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies *well ſteel'd with* weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her huſband and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her huſband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
Which I, by marrying her, muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, Edward ſtill lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a ſtreet.*

Enter the corſe of Henry the Sixth, with halberts to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,
If honour may be ſhrouded in a herſe;
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaſter.
Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter!
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Lo, in theſe windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand that made theſe fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs!

If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come now tow'rds Chertſey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there.
And ſtill, as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, while I lament King Henry's corſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Glouceſter.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the corſe, or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaſt,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou hadſt but power over his mortal body;
His ſoul thou canſt not hurt; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curs'd.
Anne. Foul dev'l! for God's ſake hence, trouble us not;
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell;
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen, ſee! ſee dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhumane and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death.
O Earth! *which this blood* drink'ſt, revenge his death.
Or, Heav'n, with lightning ſtrike the murd'rer dead,
Or, Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;

As

As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.
Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor man
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!—
Glo. More wonderful when angels are ſo angry.
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.
Anne. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canſt
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf. [make
Glo. By ſuch deſpair I ſhould accuſe myſelf.
Anne. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf,
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
Anne. Then ſay they were not ſlain:
But dead they are, and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your huſband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and ſlain by Edward's hands.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'ſt. Queen Marg're
Thy murd'rous faulchion ſmoking in his blood: [ſaw
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'd on aught but butcheries.
Didſt thou not kill this King?
Glo I grant ye.
Anne Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed! [to
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.——

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.
Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou ſhalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to ſend him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect*.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's wreck.
You ſhould not blemiſh it if I ſtood by.
As all the world is cheered by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'erſhade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. *Name him.*

Glo.

* *Effect*, for *executioner*.

Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
[*She ſpits at h*
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet Lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were baſiliſks to ſtrike thee dea
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears;
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford ſhook his ſword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpe
[*She looks ſcornfully at*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his*

Nay, do not pauſe: for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch: 'twas I that ſtabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that ſet me on.
[*She lets fall the ſword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.
Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are falſe.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?
Anne. All men I hope live ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.
Look how my ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Ev'n ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſuppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repair to Croſby-place*;
Where, after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknown reaſons I beſeech you
Grant

* *A houſe near Biſhopſgate-ſtreet belonging to the Duke of Glocester.*

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Traſſel and Barkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*

Glo. Sirs, take up the corſe.

Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?

Glo. No, to White-friars, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the corſe.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her huſband and his father!
To take her in her heart's extremeſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of my hatred by;
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks;
And yet to win her——All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkſbury!
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wiſe, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:——
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whoſe all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me that halt, and am miſ-ſhapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs,

And entertain a ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I have crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair ſun, till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter the Queen, and Lords Rivers, Gray, and Dorſet.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health. [Majeſty
Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe;
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.
Queen. If he were dead, what wou'd betide of me?
Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
Queen. The loſs of ſuch a Lord includes all harms.
Gray. The Heav'ns hath bleſs'd you with a goodly ſon,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the truſt of Richard Glo'ſter,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. It is concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded* yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!
Stanley. God make your Majeſty joyful as you have been!
Queen. The Counteſs Richmond, good my Lord of
To your good pray'r will ſcarcely ſay Amen: [Stanley,
Yet, Stanley, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

* *Determined ſignifies the final concluſion of the will; concluded, not to be alter'd, by reaſon of ſome act conſequent on judgment.*

Stanley. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers;
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs; which I think proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did. He ſeeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of Glo'ſter and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his royal preſence.

Queen. 'Would all were well——but that will never be——
I fear our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Glouceſter and Haſtings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in mens' faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apiſh courteſy,
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal perſon,
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen.

Queen. Brother of Glo'ſter, you miſtake the matter,
The King of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe,
(Aiming belike at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf
Againſt my children, brother, and myſelf,)
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill-will, and thereby may remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
You envy my advancement and my friends: [Glo'ſter.
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean'time, God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is impriſon'd by your means;
Myſelf diſgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe,
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe wild ſuſpects.

Glo. You may deny too that you were the cauſe
Of my Lord Haſtings' late impriſonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for———

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers!—why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may——ay, marry, may ſhe—

Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?

Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a King,
A bachelor, a handſome ſtripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worſer match.——
My Lord of Glo'ſter, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majeſty
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorn'd, and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech thee!
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and ſpare not: look, what I have ſaid,
I will avouch in preſence of the King:
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. No, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my huſband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor ſon, at Tewkſbury.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your huſband King,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I ſpilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your huſband Gray
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter;
And, Rivers, ſo were you;——was not your huſband,
In Marg'ret's battle, at St. Alban's, ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forſake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf, (which Jeſu pardon!——)

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!———

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's ſoft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Glo'ſter, in thoſe buſy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

Glo. If I ſhould be!——I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy were you this country's King;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In ſharing that which ye have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I being Queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ungentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd.
That will I make before I let thee go.
A huſband and a ſon thou ow'ſt to me; [*To Glo.*
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance.
[*To the Queen.*
The ſorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleaſures you uſurp, are mine.

Glo. The curſe my Noble Father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty Rutland:
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.

Haſt. O 'twas the foulſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all before I came.
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curſe prevail ſo much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then, give way. dull clouds, to my quick curſes!
If not by war, by ſurfeit die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King!
Edward thy ſon, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our ſon, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy children's' loſs,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders-by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord Haſtings, when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
By ſome unlook'd-for accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If heav'ns have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoul;
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends:
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
Thou wrack of honour, thou deteſted———

Glo. Margaret.———

Q. Mar. Richard.———

Glo. Ha?———

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune!
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whett'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf:
The day will come that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haſt. Falſe-boding woman, end thy frantic curſe,
Leſt to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my ſubjects:
O ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, Maſter Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current.
O that your young Nobility could judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!
They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dorſ. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born ſo high,
" Our ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
" And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun."

Q. Mar. And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your ai'ry buildeth in our ai'ry's neſt:
O God, that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it;
As it was won with blood, ſo be it loſt!

Buck. Peace, peace for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay, poor Marg'ret was a propheteſs.
Live each of you the ſubject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.

Riv.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Dorf. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting, for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like confusion,
To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my Noble Lord.
Queen. Catesby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls,
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now, they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Croſby place.
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-ſpoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
2 *Vil.* Fear not, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your buſineſs; go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Tower.*

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace ſo heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have paſs'd a miſerable night,
So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams,
That, as I am a Chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was imbark'd to croſs to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ſter;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter,
That had befall'n us. As we paſs'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that ſought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!

What

What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I ſaw a thouſand fearful wreeks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead mens' ſculls; and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd * the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. No, no: my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger-ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud——What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!——
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak.

* *Woo'd*, for *ogled*.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds;
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. [rest.

Brak. I will, my Lord. God give your Grace good
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, [*Aside.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI. *Enter the two Villains.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this command, to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of Glo'ſter, and tell him

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Vil.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of Glo'ſter's purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe it not: it would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard with the hilt of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmſie-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a ſop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?

2 *Vil.* No; we'll reaſon with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to———

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me.
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 *Vil.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too.
Thou didſt receive the ſacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the houſe of Lancaſter.
1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dſt the bowels of thy Sovereign's ſon.
2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murder me for this;
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed †,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm.
He needs no indirect nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me.
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother Glo'ſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

† ——for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel, &c.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Glo'ſter h
you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, ſo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip.
Bid Glo'ſter think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, millſtones, as he leſſon'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As ſnow in harveſt:—you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, m
Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own ſouls ſo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls *.

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks.
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer.

Com

* ——and ſave your ſouls.
Which if you, if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murderers as yourſelves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs——
1 *Vil.* Relent? &c.

me thou on my ſide, and intreat for me *.
Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
r. [*Stabs him.*
drown you in the malmſie-butt within. [*Exit.*
Vil. A bloody deed, and deſp'rately diſpatch'd.
w fain, like Pilate, would I waſh my hands
this moſt grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firſt Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
heav'n the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew that I had ſav'd his brother!
ake thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
r. I repent me that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*
1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
ell, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
ill that the Duke give order for his burial:
nd, when I have my meed, I muſt away;
r this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Edward ſick, the Queen, Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Cateſby, Buckingham, and other Lords.

K. Edw. WHY, ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to recal me hence.
And now in peace my ſoul ſhall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Haſtings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred; ſwear your love.
Riv. By heav'n, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

* ——intreat for me.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
1 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.
2 *Vil.* Take that, &c.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falſehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Haſtings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourſelf is not exempt from this;
Nor your ſon Dorſet; Buckingham, nor you:
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love Lord Haſtings, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Queen. There, Haſtings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; ſo thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him, Haſtings, love Lord Marquis.
Dorſ. The interchange of love I here proteſt,
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[To the Queen.
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!——
When I have moſt need to employ a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[Embracing Rivers, &c.
K. Edw. A pleaſing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ſter here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the Noble Duke.

Enter Glouceſter, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And

And, princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have ſpent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed Peers.

Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt Sovereign Liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmity.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens' love.
Firſt, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice.
Of you, my noble couſin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorſet,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me:
Of you, Lord Woodvile; and, Lord Scales, of you;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holiday ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſs
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal preſence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

[*They all ſtart.*

You do him injury to ſcorn his corſe.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Queen. All-ſeeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I ſo pale, Lord Dorſet, as the reſt?

Dorſ. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to ſee him buried.
God grant that ſome leſs noble, and leſs loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerve no worſe than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from ſuſpicion.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my ſervice done.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.
Stanl. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
K. Edw. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my ſervant's life,
Who ſlew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkſbury,
When Oxford had me down, he reſcued me?
And ſaid, Dear Brother, live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me,
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himſelf
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,——
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak,

Nor

Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet. Ah,
Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*

Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs: mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry, O Clarence! my unhappy ſon!

Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty couſins, you miſtake me both.
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loath to loſe him; not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earneſt prayers.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow innocents!
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ſter
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,

And

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Dutch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.——
Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Queen. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Dutch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy Noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But Death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

How

How can we aid you with our kindred-tears?
Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolours likewiſe be unwept!
Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints: *
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear Lord Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Queen. What ſtay had I but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Dutch. What ſtays had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never orphans had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never mother had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a Clarence weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſs'd
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dorſ. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your ſon; ſend ſtraight for him.
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſp'rate ſorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

SCENE

* —— bring forth complaints:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my huſband, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see you.——Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man!——
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love.
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which

Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I ſay, with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meet but few ſhould fetch the Prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſt to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my ſiſter, will you go,
To give your cenſures * in this weighty buſineſs?

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham and Glouceſter.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake let not us two ſtay at home;
For by the way I'll ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear couſin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not ſtay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a ſtreet near the court.*

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away ſo faſt?

2 *Cit.* I promiſe you I hardly know myſelf:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; ſeldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir. it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, Maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his ſon ſhall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:
Which in his nonage, counſel under him,

* *Cenſures*, for *counſels*.

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt ſhall then, and till then govern well.
1 *Cit.* So ſtood the ſtate when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politic grave counſel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'ſter;
And the Queen's ſons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well
3 *Cit.* When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear;
You cannot reaſon almoſt with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, ſtill is it ſo;
By a divine inſtinct mens' minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as by proof we ſee
The waters ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.
3 *Cit.* And ſo was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the court.*

Enter Archbiſhop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of York.

Arch. I heard they lay the laſt night at Northampton

At Stony-Stratford they do reſt to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince;
I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Queen. But I hear, not; they ſay my ſon of York
Has almoſt overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it ſo.
Dutch. Why, my young couſin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ſter,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flow'rs are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was young;
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
York. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dutch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they ſay my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.
Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurſe.
Dutch. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.
York. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A parlous boy—go to, you are too ſhrewd.
Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.
Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Here comes a meſſenger. What news?
Meſſ. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Meſſ. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Meſſ. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are ſent to Pomfret
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, priſoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Meſſ. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ſter and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Meſſ. The ſum of all I can I have diſclos'd.
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Queen. Ah me! I ſee the ruin of my houſe;
The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind.
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs throne:
Welcome, deſtruction, blood, and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my ſons were toſs'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loſs:
And being ſeated, and domeſtic broils
Clean overblown, themſelves the conquerors
Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood,
Self againſt ſelf; O moſt prepoſterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cauſe.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your Grace
The ſeal I keep; and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary. [*Exe*

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London.

rumpets ſound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of louceſter and Buckingham, Archbiſhop, with others.

ck. WELCOME, ſweet Prince, to London, to your chamber*.

. Welcome, dear couſin, my thoughts' ſovereign;
veary way hath made you melancholy.
nce. No, uncle; but our croſſes on the way
made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy.
t more uncles here to welcome me.
. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
ıore can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
of his outward ſhew, which, God he knows,
n or never jumpeth with the heart.
uncles which you want are dangerous:
Grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
ok'd not on the poiſon of their hearts;
:eep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!
nce. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.
. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

yor. God bleſs your Grace with health and happy days!
ıce. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
ght my mother and my brother York
l long ere this have met us on the way.
hat a ſlug is Haſtings! that he comes not
l us whither they will come or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

t. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
ıce. Welcome, my Lord. What, will our mother come?

* *London was anciently called Camera regia.* Mr. Pope.

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken ſanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord-Cardinal, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen to ſend the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lord Haſtings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak orator
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of ſanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional *.
Weigh it but with the greenneſs of his age,
You break not ſanctuary, in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary-men,
But ſanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Arch. My Lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once
Come on, Lord Haſtings, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Haſting*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you
Say, uncle Glo'ſter, if our brother come, [may
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your Royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two

You

* *Ceremonious*, for *ſuperſtitious*; *traditional*, for *adherent to c*
uſtoms.

Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place.
Did Julius Cæſar build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages have rebuilt.
Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſter'd,
Methinks the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere entail'd to all poſterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.
Prince. What ſay you, uncle?
Glo. I ſay, without characters Fame lives long.
Thus like the formal-wiſe Antiquity
I moralize: two meanings in one word. } *Aſide.*
Prince. That Julius Cæſar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet down to make his valour live.
Death made no conqueſt of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my couſin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. An' if I live until I be man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short ſummer lightly has a forward ſpring.

Enter York, Haſtings, and Archbiſhop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York, how fares our Noble brother?
York. Well, my dread Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.
Glo. How fares our couſin, Noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,

You

You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinſman.
York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.
Prin. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the ſword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.
York. O, then I ſee you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar *Nay*.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will ſtill be croſs in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My gracious Lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf and my good couſin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What? will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it ſo.
York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?

York.

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt:
y grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An' if they live, I hope I need not fear.
t come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
inking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt Prince, York, Haſtings, and Archbiſhop.*

SCENE II.

Manent Glouceſter, Buckingham, and Cateſby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
ıs not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a par'lous boy,
ld, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt. Come, Cateſby, thou art
deeply to effect what we intend, [ſworn
cloſely to conceal what we impart.
ou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way:
ıat think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter
make Lord William Haſtings of our mind,
the inſtalment of this Noble Duke
the ſeat-royal of this famous iſle?
Cateſ. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the Prince,
ıt he will not be won to aught againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cateſ. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle Cateſby,
d, as it were far off, ſound thou Lord Haſtings,
w he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
d ſummon him to-morrow to the Tower,
ſet about the coronation.
hou doſt find him tractable to us,
:ourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
e be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
d give us notice of his inclination:
we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein

Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William; tell him, Cateſby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Miſtreſs Shore one gentle kiſs the more.
Buck. Good Cateſby, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.
Cateſ. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Cateſby, ere we ſleep?
Cateſ. You ſhall, my Lord.
Glo. At Croſby-place, there you ſhall find us both.
[*Exit Cateſby.*
Buck. My Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord Haſtings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man; ſomewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſs'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before Lord Haſtings' houſe.*

Enter a Meſſenger to the door of Haſtings.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord,——
Haſt. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Meſſ. One from Lord Stanley.
Haſt. What is't o'clock?
Meſſ. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleep theſe tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it appears by what I have to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your Noble ſelf.
Haſt. What then?
Meſſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this night
He dream'd the boar had raſed off his helm:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore

Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhip's pleaſure,
If you will preſently take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him tow'rds the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.

Haſt. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils.
His Honour and myſelf are at the one;
And at the other is my good friend Cateſby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's ſo fond
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit where he did mean no chace.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe, and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boar will uſe us kindly.

Meſſ. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord!

Haſt. Good morrow, Cateſby; you are early ſtirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring ſtate?

Cateſ. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never ſtand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?

Cateſ. Ay, my good Lord.

Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

Cateſ. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good news,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, muſt die at Pomfret.

Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,

To

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Catef. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
Catef. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Catef. The princes both make high account of you—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, [Catesby.
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure;
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my Lord?
To-day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Cateſby.*
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?
Purſ. The better that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.
Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet.
Then I was going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf,)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than e'er I was.
Purſ. God hold it to your Honour's good content!
Haſt. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purſe.*
Purſ. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Purſuivant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to ſee your Honour.
Haſt. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your laſt exerciſe.
Come the next ſabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whiſpers.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a prieſt, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the prieſt,
Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I ſhall not ſtay.
I ſhall return before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.

Buck. And ſupper too, altho' thou know'ſt it not.
[*Aſide.*
Come, will you go?
Haſt. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Pomfret caſtle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberts, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the priſoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You live that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death;
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs blood to drink.
Gray. Now Marg'ret's curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on Haſtings, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when Richard ſtabb'd her ſon.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhe Richard, curs'd ſhe Buckingham,
Then curs'd ſhe Haſtings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.
As for my ſiſter, and her princely ſons,
Be ſatisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, Gray; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace;
Farewell, until we meet again in heav'n. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, Biſhop of Ely, Cateſby, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Haſt. Now, Noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is

etermine of the coronation.
d's name ſpeak, when is the royal day?
k. Are all things ready for that royal time?
. They are, and want but nomination.
To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
k. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
s moſt inward with the noble Duke?
Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his mind.
k. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
ows no more of mine than I of yours;
of his, my Lord, than you of mine.
Haſtings, you and he are near in love.
k. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well.
r his purpoſe in the coronation,
not ſounded him; nor he deliver'd
acious pleaſure any way therein.
ou, my Noble Lord, may name the time,
the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice;
I preſume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.
My Noble Lords and couſins all, good morrow:
been long a ſleeper; but I truſt
ſence doth neglect no great deſign,
by my preſence might have been concluded.
k. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
m Lord Haſtings had pronounc'd your part;
your voice for crowning of the King.
Than my Lord Haſtings no man might be bolder.
ordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
ord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborn,
good ſtrawberries in your garden there:
eſeech you ſend for ſome of them.
. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit Ely.*
Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
y hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſs,
inds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
ne will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
aſter's ſon, as worſhipfully he terms it,

Shall loſe the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf a while; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Glo. and Buck.*

Stan. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Glouceſter?
I have ſent ſtraitway for theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His Grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this morning:
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom
Can leſſer hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face ſtrait ſhall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to-day?

Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Glouceſter and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms.

Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this princely preſence,
To doom th' offenders, whoſoe'er they be.
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up.
And this is Edward's wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haſt. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord—

Glo. If? thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head——now, by St. Paul I ſwear,

I will

I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Catesby,—look that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me!
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase our helms;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me.
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Catef. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head.
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Tower-walls.*

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, marvellous ill favour'd.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion: ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like inforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Cateſby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Cateſby with Haſting's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Cateſby and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected Haſtings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep.
I took him for the plaineſt, harmleſs creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Chriſtian:
Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts;
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his converſation with Shore's wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd trai-
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe, [tor——
(Were't not that by great preſervation
We live to tell it,) that the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-houſe,
To murder me and my good Lord of Glo'ſter.

Mayor. What? had he ſo?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villain's death;

But

But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſon's ſafety,
Inforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſs Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your Lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meaning, hath prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and tim'rouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons;
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. Tut! my good Lord, your Grace's word ſhall
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak: [ſerve,
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, couſin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all poſt.
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of Edward's children;
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for ſaying, he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his houſe,
Which by the ſign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where *his ranging eye*, or ſavage heart,
Without controul, luſted to make a prey.

Nay,

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate Edward, Noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And by juſt computation of the time,
Found that the iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off;
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf: and ſo, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's caſtle*,
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o' clock
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords. [*Exit Buck.*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all ſpeed to Doctor Shaw;
Go thou to Friar Peuker; bid them both [*To Cateſby.*
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's caſtle.
[*Exeunt Lov. and Cateſ. ſeverally.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight;
And to give order, that no ſort of perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairly is ingroſs'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I've ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by Cateſby was it ſent me:
The precedent was full as long a-doing.
And yet within theſe five hours Haſtings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while;——who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,

When

* *A houſe in* Thames-ſtreet belonging to the Duke of Glouceſter.

When ſuch ill dealings muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Baynard's caſtle.*

Enter Glouceſter and Buckingham, at ſeveral doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what ſay the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his inforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland;
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them that did love their country's good,
Cry, God ſave Richard, England's Royal King!

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me: they ſpake not a word;
But, like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not uſed
To be ſpoke to except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome *ten voices cry'd*, God ſave King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few:

Thanks,

Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
This general applauſe and chearful ſhout
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they, they would not ſpeak?
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; pretend ſome fear;
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two churchmen, good my Lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts:
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer *Nay*, and take it.
Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay *Nay* to thee, for myſelf,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy iſſue. [*Ex. Glo.*
Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here;
I think the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Cateſby.

Buck. Cateſby, what ſays your Lord to my requeſt?
Cateſ. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buck. Return, good Cateſby, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have ſome conf'rence with his Grace.
Cateſ. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtrait. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this prince is not an Edward;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But meditating with two deep divines;
Not ſleeping to ingroſs his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful ſoul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his Grace the ſov'reignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear we ſhall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry, God ſhield his Grace ſhould ſay us *Nay!*
Buck. I fear he will. Here Cateſby comes again.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſby, what ſays his Grace?
Cateſ. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n we come to him in perfect love;
[*Exit Cateſby.*
And ſo once more return, and tell his Grace.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Glouceſter above, between two clergymen. Cateſby returns.

Mayor. See where his Grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen.
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Chriſtian prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And ſee a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet! moſt gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-chriſtian zeal.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I do beſeech *your Grace* to pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,

Deferr'd

Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleaſure?
Buck. Ev'n that I hope which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.
Glo. I do ſuſpect I have done ſome offence
That ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my Lord: would it might plea
your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign
The ſupreme ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,
Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
While in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd into th' ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep oblivion:
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your Grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to anſwer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me:

If to reproye you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking not incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea,
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of Time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty;
And make us, doubtleſs, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars;
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace.
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witneſs to that vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To Bona, ſiſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that, for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas! why would you heap theſe cares on me?
I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty.
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuſe it, as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depoſe the child, your brother's ſon,
(As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all eſtates;)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King;
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfal of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of ſtone,
[*Exit Cateſby.*
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.

Re-enter Buckingham, and the reſt.

Couſin of Buckingham, and ſage, grave men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my back
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,

I muſt

I muſt have patience to endure the load.
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your mere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewell, my couſin; farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutcheſs of York, and Marquis of Dorſet, at one door; Anne Dutcheſs of Glouceſter, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

Dutch. WHO meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ſter?
Now, for my life ſhe's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. Siſter, well met; whither away ſo faſt?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourſelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young ſon of York?

Lieut. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The King hath ſtrictly charged the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieut. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who ſhall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieut. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it ſo:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Lieut.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your Grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you muſt ſtrait to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned Richard's Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Deſpightful tidings, O unpleaſing news!

Dorſ. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O Dorſet, ſpeak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas;
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Marg'ret's curſe;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, Madam.

Take all the ſwift advantage of the time;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.
Dutch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O, would to God, that the inclufive verge
Of golden metal that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queen!
Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dear ſaint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I ſay, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wiſh, 'Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
'For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
'And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
'And be thy wife, if any be ſo mad,
'More miſerable by the life of thee,
'Than thou haſt made me by my dear Lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey-words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
Anne. *No more than* with my ſoul I mourn for yours.
Dorſ. *Farewell, thou* woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!
Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [*To Dorſet.*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [*To Anne.*
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſs thee! [*To the Queen.*
I to my grave, where peace and reſt lie with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Queen. Stay; yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow
For tender princes, uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh Sorrow bids your ſtones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the court.*

Flouriſh of trumpets. Enter Glouceſter as King, Buckingham, Cateſby.

K. Rich. Stand all apart—couſin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is King Richard ſeated:
But ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham! now do I ply the touch *,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives—think now what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I ſay I would be King.
Buck. Why, ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis ſo—but Edward lives—
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
K. Rich. O bitter conſequence!
That Edward ſtill ſhould live—True, Noble Prince.
Couſin, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull.

Shall

* i. e. Apply the touchſtone.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead?
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this: [Lord,
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit Buck.*
Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective * boys; none are for me
That look into me with consid'rate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy,———
Page. My Lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tyrrel.*
K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither. [*Exit Boy.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?
Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom

* *Unrespective*, for *unheeding*.

Whom I will marry ſtrait to Clarence' daughter.——
(The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.)
Look how thou dream'ſt——I ſay again, give out,
That Anne my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it; for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.
I muſt be married to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain * way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name *Tyrrel?*

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed? [*He takes him aſide.*

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleaſe you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tyrrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſic. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token——riſe; and lend thine ear——
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo——ſay, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did ſound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that reſt. Dorſet is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon; well, look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For

* *Uncertain* here uſed for *unconſtant.*

hich your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
arldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
1 you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.
Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
s to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.
k. What ſays your Highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
Rich. I do remember me——Henry the Sixth
rophesy, that Richmond ſhould be King,
Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
ng, perhaps——
k. My Lord,——
Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?
k. My Lord, your promiſe for the earldom——
Rich. Richmond? when I was laſt at Exeter,
Mayor in courteſy ſhewed me the caſtle,
all'd it *Rouge-mont:* at which name I ſtarted;
ſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
ld not live long after I ſaw Richmond.
k. My Lord,——
Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
k. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
at you promis'd me.
Rich. But what's o'clock?
k. Upon the ſtroke of ten.
Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.
k. Why, let it ſtrike?
Rich. Becauſe that, like a jack, thou keep'ſt the
ct thy begging and my meditation. [ſtroke
ot in the giving vein to-day.
k. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will or no.
Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein.
[*Exit.*
k. Is it ev'n ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
me think on Haſtings, and be gone
ecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter Tyrrel.*

. ‘ The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
‘ That

'That ever yet this land was guilty of!
'Dighton and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
'To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
'Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
'Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
'Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
'O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;
'Thus, thus, (quoth Forreſt,) girdling one another
'Within their innocent alabaſter arms:
'Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
'And in their ſummer-beauty kiſs'd each other.
'A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
'Which once (quoth Forreſt) almoſt chang'd my mind.
'But oh! the devil——there the villains ſtopp'd:
'When Dighton thus told on——we ſmothered
'The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
'That from the prime creation e'er ſhe framed——
'Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe;
'They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
'To bear theſe tidings to the bloody King.'

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel——am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon, ſoon after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time——but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pent up cloſe:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom;
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now

Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
At young Eliſabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. My Lord,——— [bluntly?
K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'ſt in ſo
Cateſ. Bad news, my Lord. Morton * is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his raſh-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary.
" Then fiery expedition be my wing,
" Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!"
Go, muſter men; my counſel is my ſhield;
We muſt be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witneſs to;
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret! Who comes here?

Enter the Dutcheſs of York and Queen.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.
Q. Mar. Hover about her; ſay, that wrong for wrong
Hath dimm'd *your infant*-morn to aged night.

Dutch.

* Biſhop of Ely.

Dutch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didſt thou ſleep when ſuch a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my ſweet ſon *.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
[*Throwing herſelf down upon the earth.*
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here.
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverend,
Give mine the benefit of ſeniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a huſband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou had'ſt a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body;

And

* ——————and my ſweet ſon.
Dutch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living ghoſt.
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due, by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
Queen. Ah, that thou would'ſt, &c.

And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!
Dutch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterer Haſtings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reſerv'd their factor to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Inſues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray, for vengeance.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!
Queen. Oh! thou didſt propheſy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottled ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flatt'ring index of a direful page;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy *wife, a moſt diſtreſſed* widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my place, and doſt thou now
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, ev'n here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of ſad miſchance;
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in France.

Queen. O thou well-ſkill'd in curſes! ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the da
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe;
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curſe.

Queen. My words are dull; O! quicken them wi
thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pier
like mine. [*Exit Margar*

Dutch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope; tho' what they do impart,
Help nothing elſe, yet they do eaſe the heart.

Dutch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum wit*
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

SCENE V. *Enter King Richard and his train.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Du

Dutch. O, that she might have intercepted thee,
y strangling thee in her accursed womb,
rom all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
he slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
nd the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
ell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
nd little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [Clarence?
Queen. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
et not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
ail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well;
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody."
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?*

* ——————*in thy company?*
K. Rich. 'Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that call'd your Grace
breakfast once, forth of my company.
be so, &c.

K. Rich. If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the drum.
Dutch. I pr'ythee hear me ſpeak.
K. Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.
Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
K. Rich. So,———
Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Queen. Tho' far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.
Queen. I have no more ſons of the royal blood
For thee to ſlaughter; for my daughters, Richard,
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Eliſabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty,
Slander myſelf as falſe to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood.
Queen. To ſave her life, I'll ſay ſhe is not ſo.
K. Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. No, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes deſtiny.
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak as if that I had ſlain my couſins?

Queen. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterpriſe,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good!

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type * of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it.
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou deviſe to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs *laſt longer telling* than thy kindneſs do.

* *i. e.* The throne.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my ſoul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou doſt love my daughter from thy ſoul.

So from thy ſoul's love didſt thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Queen. Say then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her King?

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her Queen; who elſe ſhould be?

Queen. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even ſo; how think you of it?

Queen. How canſt thou woo her?

K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York;* then haply will ſhe weep.
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple tide from her ſweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Queen.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended.
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doating title of a mother.
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King;
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter *wife*,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset *brother*.
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.

And

And when this arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole victreſs, Cæſar's Cæſar.

Queen. What were I beſt to ſay, her father's brother
Would be her lord? or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?
Or he that ſlew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, entreats——

Queen. That at her hands which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queen——

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.

Queen. But how long ſhall that title ever laſt?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her ſubject now.

Queen. But ſhe, your ſubject, loathes ſuch ſov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

K. Rich. Your reaſons are too ſhallow, and too quick *.

Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown——

Queen. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.

K. Rich. I ſwear.

Queen

* —— and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, Madam; that is paſt.
Now, by my George, &c.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour;
The garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory.
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death——

Queen. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myſelf.

Queen. Thyſelf thyſelf miſuſeſt.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou didſt fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my huſband made
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canſt thou ſwear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'erpaſt:
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants to wail it in their age *.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound;
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy reſt;
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck

To

* ——— to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpaſt.
K. Rich. As I intend, &c.

To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a Chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times;
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myſelf to be myſelf?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourſelf's remembrance wrong yourſelf.

Queen. But thou didſt kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where in that neſt of ſpicery they ſhall breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go; write to me ſhortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiſs, and ſo farewell—— [*Exit Queen.*
Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing woman.

SCENE VI. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. Moſt mighty Sovereign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant navy: to our ſhores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them aſhore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of Norfolk. [Ratcliff, thyſelf, or Cateſby; where is he?

Cateſ. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Cateſby, fly to the Duke.
Cateſ. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haſte.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, poſt to Saliſbury;
When thou com'ſt thither——Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Cateſby.*
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cateſ. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſs' pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O true, good Cateſby—bid him levy ſtrait
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Saliſbury.
Cateſ. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at Saliſbury?
K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your Highneſs told me I ſhould poſt before.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing:
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why doſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news!
Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.
K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by gueſs.
K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King, but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the ſea?
Stan. Unleſs for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their Sovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Pleaſe it your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'ſt fain be gone to join with Richmond
But I'll not truſt thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Go then, and muſter men; but leave behind
Your ſon George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you!

[*Exit Stanley.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Sov'reign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour ſtill more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——

K. Rich.

Rich. Out on ye, owls * ! nothing but ſongs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
take thou that, till thou bring better news.
ſ. The news I have to tell your Majeſty,
t, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
ngham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd
ıe himſelf wander'd away alone,
ın knows whither.
Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy!
is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
d to him that brings the traitor in?
ſ. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

ſ. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquis Dorſet,
ıid, my Liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms;
ıis good comfort bring l to your Highneſs,
}retagne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt.
ıond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a boat
the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,
y were his aſſiſtants, yea or no?
anſwer'd him, they came from Buckingham
his party; he miſtruſting them,
l fail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne.
Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
to fight with foreign enemies,
) beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Cateſby.

eſ. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
is the beſt news: that the Earl of Richmond
h a mighty power landed at Milford,
ler news, but yet it muſt be told.
Rich. Away tow'rds Saliſbury; while we reaſon here,
-al battle might be won and loſt.
one take order Buckingham be brought
lıiſbury; the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

* *i. e.* Birds of ill omen.

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Lord Stanley's houſe.*

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Chriſtopher Urſwick.

Stan. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my preſent aid.
So, get thee gone, commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe Eliſabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hav'rford-weſt in Wales.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiſs his hand;
My letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Saliſbury.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberts, led to execution.

Buck. WILL not King Richard let me ſpeak with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Haſtings, and Edward's children, Gray and Holy King Henry, and thy fair ſon Edward, [Rivers, Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injuſtice;
If that your moody, diſcontented ſouls
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction!

This

This is *All-ſouls* day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my Lord.
Buck. Why, then *All-ſouls* day is my body's doomſday.
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wiſh'd to fall
By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted:
This, this *All-ſouls* day to my fearful ſoul,
Is the determin'd reſpect * of my wrongs.
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earneſt what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms.
Thus Marg'ret's curſe falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a propheteſs.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff, and Officers.*

SCENE II.

On the borders of Leiceſterſhire. A camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping boar
That ſpoil'd your ſummer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swill'd your warm blood like waſh, and made his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms; this foul ſwine
Lies now e'en in the centre of this iſle,
Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

* *i. e.* Requital.

In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.
Rich. All for our 'vantage; then, in God's name, march.
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Boſworth field.*

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Cateſby, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Boſworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,———
Nor. Here, moſt gracious Liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks: ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take, my gracious Lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or ſev'n thouſand is their utmoſt power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account;
Beſides, the King's name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe faction want.
Up with the tent: come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the 'vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:
Let's want no diſcipline, make no delay;
For, Lords, to-morrow is a buſy day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of Boſworth field.*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Rich. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,

And

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard;
The Earl of Pembroke keep his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goeſt;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? doſt thou know?

Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet Blunt, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. Give me ſome ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength.
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

SCENE *changes back to King Richard's tent.*

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Cateſby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cateſ. 'Tis ſupper-time, my Lord;
'Tis nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not ſup to-night.
Give me ſome ink and paper.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cateſ. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readineſs.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful watch, chuſe truſty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Cateſby!———

Cateſ. My Lord?

K. Rich. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch———
[*To Ratcliff.*
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow:
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,———

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.

K. Rich. I am ſatisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have———
There, ſet it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I ſay.
[*Exit Ratcliff.*

SCENE IV. *Changes back to Richmond's tent.*

Enter Stanley to Richmond: Lords, &c.

Stan. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!

Rich. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, Noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bleſs thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that——The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitriment
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's ſight.
Farewell; the leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo-long-ſund'red friends ſhould dwell upon.
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment;
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to-morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt: Manet Richmond.*

O thou! whoſe Captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE V.

Between the tents of Richard and Richmond: they ſleeping.

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Son to Henry VI.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
Think how thou ſtabb'd'ſt me in the prime of youth
At Tewkſbury; therefore deſpair, and die.
Be chearful, Richmond; for the wronged ſouls
[*To Richm.*
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's iſſue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry VI.

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K. Rich.*
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me; deſpair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee deſpair and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror: [*To Richm.*
Harry, that prophesy'd thou ſhouldſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; live thou and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
I, that was waſh'd to death in fulſome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; deſpair, and die.
Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
[*To Richmond.*
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: deſpair, and die.
Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy ſoul deſpair.
To K. Rich.
Vaug. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy launce! Richard, deſpair, and die.
To K. Rich.
All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's boſom
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day.
[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K. Rich.*
And in a bloody battle end thy days:
Think on Lord Haſtings; and deſpair, and die.

Quiet.

Quiet, untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the Tower:
[*To K. Rich.*
Let us be lead within thy boſom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair, and die.
Sleep, Richmond, ſleep in peace; and wake in joy.
[*To Richm.*
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne his wife.

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, [*To K. Rich.*
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword: deſpair, and die.
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep:
[*To Richm.*
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory,
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt. The firſt was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To K. Rich.*
The laſt was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath.
I dy'd for hope ere I could lend thee aid: [*To Richm.*
But chear thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's ſide,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghoſts vaniſh.*
[*K. Richard ſtarts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds.
Have

Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue——is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I fear myſelf? there's none elſe by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? No. Yes, I am. *
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a ſev'ral tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'ſt degree,
Murder, ſtern murder in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, Guilty, guilty!
I ſhall deſpair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me †.
Methought the ſouls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and ev'ry one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord,——
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village-cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear——
Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.
K. Rich. By the Apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have

* ——— no; yes, I am.
Then fly—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon; Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? myſelf on myſelf?
I love myſelf. Wherefore? for any good
That I myſelf have done unto-myſelf?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well——Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath, &c.

† ——— no ſoul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
Methought the ſouls, &c.

lave ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of Richard,
han can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers
rmed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
: is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
nder our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
o hear if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy, Lords and Watchful Gentlemen,
hat you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
hat ever enter'd in a drowſy head,
lave I ſince your departure had, my Lords.
lethought their ſouls whoſe bodies Richard murder'd,
ame to my tent, and cried, *On! Victory!*
promiſe you my heart is very jocund,
n the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
low far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Rich. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.
lore than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
he leiſure and inforcement of the time
orbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
od and our good cauſe fight upon our ſide:
he pray'rs of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,
ike high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces,
ichard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
ad rather have us win, than him they follow.
or what is he they follow? truly, Gentlemen,
bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
ne rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
ne that made means to come by what he hath,
nd ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him.
baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
f England's chair, where he is falſely ſet;
ne that *hath ever been* God's enemy:
en if you fight againſt God's enemy,

God

Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhoes in ſnow.
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not thoſe baſtard Britons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, Gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Meſſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off inſtantly with his ſon George's head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemy is paſs'd the marſh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Reſcue, my Lord of Norfolk, reſcue, reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
A daring oppoſite to every danger!
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Reſcue, fair Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
Cateſ.

Cateſ. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
nd I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
think there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
ve have I ſlain to-day inſtead of him.
horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

larums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is ſlain.

etreat and flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
he day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit
o, here theſe long-uſurped royalties, [thee:
rom the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
ave I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
'ear it, enjoy it, and make uſe of it.
Rich. Great God of heaven, ſay Amen to all!
at tell me firſt, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter town;
'hither, if you ſo pleaſe, we may withdraw us.
Rich. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the Lord Ferris,
r Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
roclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
hat in ſubmiſſion will return to us.
nd then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,
'e will unite the white roſe and the red.
nile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
hat long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
'hat traitor hears me, and ſays not, Amen?
ngland hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
he brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
he father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
he ſons, compell'd, been butchers to the ſire †:

† ——— butchers to the ſire:
All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided in their dire diviſion.
O now let, &c.

O now let Richmond and Eliſabeth,
The true ſucceeders of his royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and fair proſp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in ſtreams of blood.
Let them not live to taſte this land's increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives again:
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENRY VIII.
Wolsey, *his first mi.ii-d favourite.*
, *Archbishop of Canter-*

Norfolk.
Buckingham.
Brandan, *Duke of Suf-*
urrey.
mberlain.
Campeius, *the Pope's*
, *Ambassador from the*
or Charles V.
as Audleie, *Lord Keep-*
Sir Thomas More; and
rd Chancellor.
, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Lincoln.
ergavenny.
ds.
y Guildford.
as Lovell.
ny Denny.
las Vaux.
m Sands.

Cromwell, *first servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King*
Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to Q. Catharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *physician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the council-chamber.
Porter, and his man.
Queen Catharine, *first wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman of the bed-chamber to Queen Catharine.*
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

NE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

no more to make you laugh; things now
ar a weighty and a serious brow,
h, and working, full of state and woe;
le scenes as draw the eye to flow,

e ſhall preſent. Thoſe that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The ſubject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, (and ſo agree,
The play may paſs,) if they be ſtill and willing,
I'll undertake, may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noiſe of targets; or to ſee a fellow
In a long motley-coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our choſen truth with ſuch a ſhow
As fool and fight is, (beſides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us ne'er an underſtanding friend.
Therefore, for goodneſs' ſake, as you are known
The firſt and happieſt hearers of the town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think ye ſee
The very perſons of our noble ſtory,
As they were living: think you ſee them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand friends; then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoon this mightineſs meets miſery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll ſay,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. GOOD morrow, and well met. How you done
Since laſt we ſaw y' in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace:

Heal

Healthful,' and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horseback,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have [weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. Men might say
Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders, its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like Heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.† When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That Bevis ‡ was believ'd.

Buck.

† *Censure*, for *determination*, of which had the noblest appearance.
‡ The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. Mr Pope.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour, honeſty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal;
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, ſure, that promiſes no element ‡
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the Right Rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends.
For being not propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants; but ſpider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawn web;——this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives, which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.

Buck. But why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without

‡ *Element*, for talent, capacity.

Without the privity o' th' King, t' appoint
Who ſhould attend him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the moſt part ſuch,
On whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay: and his own letter only
(The honourable board of council out)
Muſt fetch in him he papers*.

Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The coſt that did conclude it.

Buck. † Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd‡?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this buſineſs

Our

* He *papers*, a verb. His own letter, by his own ſingle authority, and without the concurrence of the council, muſt fetch in him whom he papers down. Mr. Pope.

† Hall ſays, "Monday, 18th day of June, there blew ſuch ſtorms "of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear; for which hideous "tempeſt ſome ſaid, it was a very prognoſtication of trouble and "hatred to come between princes." In Henry VIII. p. 80.

‡ *Silenc'd* for *recall'd*.

Our Rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart that wiſhes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous † ſafety,) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge; 'tis long, and 't may be ſaid
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, the purſe borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's ſurveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.

Wol. Is he in perſon ready?

Secr. Ay, an't pleaſe your Grace.

Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more;
And Buckingham ſhall leſſen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aſk God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your diſeaſe requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object: at this inſtant

He

† *Plenteous*, for *full, entire.*

He bores me with ſome trick, he's gone to th' King.
I'll follow, and outſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord;
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can adviſe me, like you: be to yourſelf
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipſwich fellow's inſolence, or proclaim
There's diff'rence in no perſons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,
That it do ſinge yourſelf. We may outrun
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, waſtes it? be advis'd.
I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf,
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere† motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Nor. Say not, treaſonous.
Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of rock.——Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't,) his mind and place
Infecting

† In the ſenſe of *ſyncerus*, *Lat. legitimate*, out of love to my country, and from *no* private prejudices.

Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, ſuggeſts † the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' interview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i' th' rinſing.

Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.——This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *Let it be*——to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our court Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy Wolſey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treaſon,) Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper Wolſey,) here makes viſitation.
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice: for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well——for I am ſure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
Ere it was aſk'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emp'ror thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the King know,
(As ſoon he ſhall by me,) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh you were
Something miſtaken in't.

Buck. No, not a ſyllable.
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appear in proof.

SCENE

† Suggeſts, for excites.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.
Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Sov'reign King.
Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure
You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Aberga'nny, fare ye well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleaſure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confeſſor, John de la Court,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.
Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already.
I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. My Lord, farewell. [Exe.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the council-chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet on his right ſide.

King. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in perſon;
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify,
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen uſher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: ſhe kneels. The King riſeth from his ſtate, takes her up, kiſſes, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.
King. Ariſe, and take your place by us; half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you aſk, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majeſty.
That you would love yourſelf, and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [*To Wolſey.*
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions; yet the King our maſter
(Whoſe honour Heav'n ſhield from ſoil) ev'n he 'ſcapes [not
Language unmannerly; yea ſuch which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor-

Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear; for, upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in deſp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.

King. How! taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in aught
Pertains to th' ſtate, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike †, which are not wholeſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is ſacrifice to th' load; they ſay
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubjects' grief
Come thro' commiſſions, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curſes now
Live where their pray'rs did; and 'tis come to paſs,
That tractable obedience is a ſlave

† *Alike, for equally to all.*

To each incenſed will. I would your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration, for
There is no primer buſineſs.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be.
The chronicles of my doing; let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through: we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſures; which ever,
As rav'nous fiſhes do a veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick * interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt act: if we ſtand ſtill, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit,
Or ſit ſtate-ſtatues only.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear:
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!——Why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop †, bark, and part o' th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the ſap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion: pray look to't;

I put

* Prejudiced.
† *Lop* is a ſubſtantive, and ſignifies the branches.

I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every ſhire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

SCENE V. *Enter Surveyor.*

Queen. I'm ſorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many.
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee when noble benefits * ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd †, the mind grown once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms ‡, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo 'compliſh'd,
Who was inroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with liſt'ning raviſh'd, could not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit, you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſceptre his. Theſe very words

* *Benefits*, for *accompliſhments*.
† *Diſpos'd*, for *placed, ſituate*.
‡ *Forms*, for *habits*; which he afterwards calls monſtrous habits.

I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord Aberga'nny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.
Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
King. Speak on,
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
King. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confeſſor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of ſov'reignty.
King. How know'ſt thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the pariſh
St. Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I repli'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: preſently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Who after under the confeſſion's ſeal
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that what he ſpoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter; with confidence demure,
Thus pauſingly enſu'd;—Neither the King nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper; bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.
King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign; which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what ſo rank? ah ha——
There's miſchief in this man. Canſt thou ſay further?
Surv. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer——
King. I remember
Of ſuch a time, he being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
To the Tower, as I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' uſurper Richard, who, being at Saliſbury,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty,) he would
Have put his knife into him.
King. A giant-traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?
Queen. God mend all!
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what ſay'ſt?
Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,——

He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute * purpoſe.

King. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us; he is attach'd;
Call him to preſent trial. If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't poſſible the ſpells of France ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange mockeries?

Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Have got by the laſt voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face: but they are ſhrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep ſtate ſo.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
(That never ſaw 'em pace before,) the ſpavin
And ſtring-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after ſuch a Pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they've worn out Chriſtendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov.

* *Irreſolute*, for *unperformed* ſimply.

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our Monſieurs
To think an Engliſh courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the Louvre.
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) "leave thoſe remnants
"Of fool and feather that they got in France;
"With all their honourable points of ignorance
"Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
"Abuſing better men than they can be,
"Out of a foreign wiſdom; clean renouncing
"The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
"Short-bolſter'd breeches, and thoſe types of travel;
"And underſtand again like honeſt men;"
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyſic, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
Cham. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the ſly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies:
A French ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going:
For, ſure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honeſt country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current muſic too.
Cham. Well ſaid, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?
Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;

This

This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that ſaid other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal: in him
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſet here for examples.

Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones. My barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: come, good Sir Thomas,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordſhip's. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *Changes to York-houſe.*

Hautboys. A ſmall table under a ſtate for the Cardinal, a longer table for the gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, firſt, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet ere they reſted,
I think would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,

They

They are a ſweet ſociety of fair-ones.
Lov. O that your Lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe!
Sands. I would I were;
They ſhould find eaſy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how eaſy?
Sands. As eaſy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir Harry,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is ent'ring: nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray ſit between theſe ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet Ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So, now y'are fairly ſeated; Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.
Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, and takes his ſtate.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have em'

Talk

Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play:
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing———

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All ariſe, and tables removed.*

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhower a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King, and others as maſkers, habited like ſhepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?

Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

Crave

Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor houſe grace: for which I pay 'em
A thouſand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleaſures.
[*Chuſe Ladies, King takes Anne Bullen.*
King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſic. Dance.*
Wol. Good my Lord.———
Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much as from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place than myſelf, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. [*Whiſper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me ſee then:
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. You've found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair aſſembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I ſhould judge you unhappily.
Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither; what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
(The Viſcount Rochford,) one of her Highneſs' women.
King. By heav'n, ſhe's a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiſs you. A health, Gentlemen;
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you; let's be merry.
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to theſe fair ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. Let the muſic knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ſtreet.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral doors.

1 *Gen.* Whither away ſo faſt?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God ſave ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the priſ'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm ſorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But, pray, how paſs'd it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accuſations,
He pleaded ſtill Not guilty; and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd

To

To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face.
At which appear'd againſt him his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellor, and John Court
Confeſſor to him, with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.
2 *Gen.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.
1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:
And ſo his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely;
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: firſt, Kildare's attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep, envious one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And, gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly; and, o' my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much

They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courteſy.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (tipſtaves before him, the ax with the edge towards him, halberts on each ſide,) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.
2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home, and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, Heav'n bear witneſs,
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice.
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in miſchief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n. Lead on, o'God's name.
Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.

There

There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he ſpeak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and, till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now ſeal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd:
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!

Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Buckingham and train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 *Gen.* Yes; but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour, and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen.* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) poſſeſs'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,

Cardinal

Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his aſking,
Th' archbiſhoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this.
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An antichamber in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

My Lord, the horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the north. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commiſſion and main power took 'em from me, with this reaſon. His maſter would be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the King; which ſtopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cauſe?

Cham. It ſeems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.

Suf. No; his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis ſo.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal.
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of Fortune,

Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all mens' honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pinch he please.
Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.
My Lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me.

The

The King hath ſent me other-where; beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him.
Health to your Lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The ſcene draws, and diſcovers the King ſitting, and reading penſively.

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? ha!
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I ſay? how dare you thruſt your-
Into my private meditations? [ſelves
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate, in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.
King. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

Enter Wolſey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with a commiſſion.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolſey,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You're welcome,
Moſt learned Rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
[*To Campeius.*
Uſe us, and it: my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.
King. We are buſy; go. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*
Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him?
Suff. Not to ſpeak of.
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place.
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,

I'll

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wiſdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,
The trial juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurſe of judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers' loves,
You are ſo noble: to your Highneſs' hand
I tender my commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
The court of Rome commanding,) you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their ſervant,
In the impartial judging of this buſineſs.

King. Two equal men: the Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of leſs place might aſk by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new ſecretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whiſpers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In

iis man's place before him?
'ol. Yes, he was.
am. Was he not held a learned man?
'ol. Yes, ſurely.
am. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
of yourſelf, Lord Cardinal.
'ol. How! of me?
am. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;
fearing he would riſe, he was ſo virtuous,
t him a foreign man ſtill: which ſo griev'd him,
: he ran mad and dy'd.
'ol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
:'s Chriſtian care enough: for living murmurers,
:e's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
command him, follows my appointment;
l have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
ing. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
moſt convenient place that I can think of
ſuch receipt of learning, is Black-friers:
re ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs.
Wolſey, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
ıld it not grieve an able man to leave
weet a bed-fellow? but, conſcience, conſcience!—
tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

ENE V. *An antichamber of the Queen's apartment.*

Enter Anne Bullen, and an Old Lady.

'nne. Not for that neither——Here's the pang that
pinches.
Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
;ood a lady, that no tongue could ever
ıounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
nany courſes of the ſun, enthron'd,
growing in a majeſty and pomp,
which to leave's a thouſand-fold more bitter
n ſweet at firſt t' acquire; after this proceſs,
;ive her the avaunt! it is a pity

Would

Would move a monſter.

Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſuff'rance panging
As ſoul and body's ſev'ring.

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's ſtranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And ſtrange with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beſhrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy.
You that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth———

Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you, [me,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burden, 'tis too weak

Ever

Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf
Would for Carnarvonſhire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to know
The ſecret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your aſking.
Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of Pembroke; to which title
A thouſand pounds a-year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender:
More than my all, which is nothing; for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid to his Highneſs;
Whoſe health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle——I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: and you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune,) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once (tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good Lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Blackfriars.*

Trumpets and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows

follows a Gentleman bearing the purſe, with the great ſeal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver-croſs; then a Gentleman-Uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a Searjeant at Arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him as judges. The Queen takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the court, in manner of a conſiſtory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all ſides th' authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo; proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,
Come into the court.
Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike;
Yea, ſubject to your countenance; glad or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your deſire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice,
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bleſs'd
With many children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Againſt your ſacred perſon; in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To th' ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd
That they had gather'd a wiſe council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beſeech you, ſpare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain adviſ'd; whoſe counſel
I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice,) theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the King.

Cam.

Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
'Tis fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam?
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet———
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before;
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs,
You ſpeak not like yourſelf; who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any. How far I've proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole conſiſt'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is preſent; if't be known to him
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him

It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak
T' oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You ſign * your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſtics to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual: that again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'ſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t' accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!—pray you, paſs on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

SCENE.

* Sign for enſuer.

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i' th' world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble-born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf tow'rds me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd; although not there
Aton'd, and fully ſatisfy'd,) if I
Did broach this buſineſs to your Highneſs; or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady, ſpake one the leaſt word,
That might be prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but, like the village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd.
But will you be more juſtify'd? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs; never
Deſir'd it to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hind'red
The paſſages made tow'rds it.—On my honour,
I ſpeak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,

Scruple,

Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By th' Biſhop of Bayonne, then French Ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' th' progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the Biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſs'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heav'n, which had
Commanded Nature, that my Lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male child by me) ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt heir o' th' world) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I mean to rectify my conſcience, (which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. Firſt, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember,
How under my oppreſſion I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin.

Ling. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your Highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons: unſolicited
I left no rev'rend perſon in this court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore go on;
For no diſlike i' th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons, drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come with her,
(Catharine our Queen,) before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
The dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court.
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's apartment.

The Queen and her women, as at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles:
Sing, and diſperſe 'em, if thou canſt: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To muſic, plants and flowers
Ever roſe, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gen. An't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gen. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near. What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They ſhould be good men, their affairs * are righteous;
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a houſewife, (I would be all,) againſt the worſt may happen:
What

* *Affairs*, for *profeſſions*.

What are your pleaſures with me, Rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't pleaſe you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner; would all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em;
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wiſe in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta eſte erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sereniſſima,———

Queen. O, good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious:
Pray ſpeak in Engliſh; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in Engliſh.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I'm ſorry my integrity ſhould breed
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not, by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes,
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty diff'rence
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure

Both

Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice and his counſel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men; pray God ye prove ſo!
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs,) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counſel for my cauſe.
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with thoſe fears.
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, Lords,
That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs' pleaſure,
("Though he be grown ſo deſp'rate to be honeſt,")
And live a ſubject? They, forſooth, my friends——
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cauſe into the King's protection:
He's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruin.
Is this your Chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there ſits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two Rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my Lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more charity. But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heaven's ſake, leſt at once
The burden of my ſorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere diſtraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy*.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would you have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity,
"If ye be any thing but churchmens' habits,")
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h'as baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him,
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worſe——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeak myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare ſay, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

* *Envy* for *evil*.

Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me———

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almoſt no grave allow'd me! like the lily,
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good Lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it:
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs' ſake, conſider what ye do:
How you may hurt yourſelf, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends, and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo: you wrong your virtues
With theſe weak womens' fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you loſe't not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons,

Pray

Pray do my ſervice to his Majeſty.
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, Rev'rend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An antichamber to the King's apartment.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With thoſe you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Stood not neglected? when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon;
Out of't himſelf?

Cham. My Lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures.
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His ſpell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off, in his moſt high diſpleaſure.

Sur. I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. How?
Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And edges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord;
For I profess you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens'!
Suf. There's orders given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no;

There

There be more waſps that buzz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is ſtolen away to Rome, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cauſe o' th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you.
The King cry'd Ha! at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him;
And let him cry Ha, louder!
Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom. Shortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeſs-dowager,
As widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This ſame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's buſineſs.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it an Archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal———
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?
Crom. To his own hand in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inſide of the paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. And you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit Cromwell.*

It ſhall be to the Dutcheſs of Alanſon, [*Aſide.*
The French King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,——
There's more in it than a fair viſage——Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!——ſpeedily, I wiſh
To hear from Rome—the Marchioneſs of Pembroke!—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!

Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's daughter!
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Queen's Queen!——
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it.
Then out it goes—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i' th' boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading a ſchedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of's heart! [

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtrait
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops again;

Strikes

Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon; in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe;
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conſcience put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs and ornaments of houſehold, which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. 'Tis heav'n's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

He takes his ſeat, whiſpers Lovell, who goes to Wolſey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me———
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs!———

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i' th' ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,

As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!
King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home;
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us or no? What ſay you?
Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs your royal graces
Show'r'd on me daily have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours *. My endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires;
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My pray'rs to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly anſwer'd.
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i' th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you, than any; ſo your hand and heart,
Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,

Should

* *Endeavours*, for deſerts.

Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be,
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you may.
[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolſey; the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*

SCENE IV.

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
'What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
'He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
'Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
'Upon the daring huntſman, that has gall'd him;
'Then makes him nothing.' I muſt read this paper.
I fear the ſtory of his anger——'tis ſo——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And ſee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs

I writ.

I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte now to my ſetting. 'I ſhall fall,
'Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
'And no man ſee me more.'

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolſey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal, who com-
To render up the great ſeal preſently [mands you
Into our hands, and to confine yourſelf
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſter's,
Till you hear further from his Highneſs.
Wol. Stay.
Where's your commiſſion, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.
Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſsly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarſe metal ye are moulded,—Envy;
How eagerly ye follow my diſgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how ſleek and wanton
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courſes, men of malice;
You've Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That ſeal
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the King
(Mine and your maſter) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King, that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieſt.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou lieſt.
Within theſe forty hours Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.

Sur.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of Noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee and all thy beſt parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You ſent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his ſuccour; from the King; from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ſt him:
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, i' th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King my ever-royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhouldſt feel
My ſword i' th' life-blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewell, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, againſt the King; your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,

Who

Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll ſtartle you,
Worſe than the facring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!
Nor. Thoſe articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can, bluſh, and cry, Guilty, Cardinal;
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want thoſe than my head; have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.
Suf. That, without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambaſſador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great ſeal.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large commiſſion
To Gregory de Caſſado, to conclude,
Without the King's will, or the ſtate's allowance,
A league between his Highneſs and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be ſtamp'd on the King's coin.
Sur. That you have ſent innumerable ſums
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing

Of

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compaſs of a *præmunire*,
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſu'd againſt you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
And chattles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The King ſhall know it; and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolſey.*

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a-ripening, nips his ſhoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amaz'd.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy ſpirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right uſe of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T' endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Wol. God bleſs him!

Crom. The next is, That Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden———
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,

May

have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
: more?
om. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
l'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
ol. That's new's indeed.
om. Laſt, that the Lady Anne,
m the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
day was view'd in open as his Queen,
g to chapel; and the voice is now
about her coronation.
ol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,
King has gone beyond me: all my glories
at one woman I have loſt for ever.
an ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
ild again the noble troops that waited
1 my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
e thy lord and maſter. Seek the King,
it ſun I pray may never ſet;) I've told him
t and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
: little memory of me will ſtir him,
ow his noble nature, not to let
hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
e& him not; make uſe now, and provide
hine own future ſafety.
om. O my Lord,
I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
ood, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
1 what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
ol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
l my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman——
s dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
ie muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee;
Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,
ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho' th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee:
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King;
And pr'ythee lead me in———
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Weſtminſter.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* YOU'RE well met once again.

2 *Gen.* And ſo are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The Lady Anne paſs from her coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm ſure, have ſhewn at full their loyal minds;
And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward

In

In celebration of these days with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir. Had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The Princess-dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles
From Ampthil, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good Lady! ———
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

The order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Chorister singing.* [Music.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis of Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of*

Surrey, bearing the rod of ſilver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of ſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each ſide her the Biſhops of London and Wincheſter.*

9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me; theſe I know.
Who's that who bears the ſceptre?

1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorſet.
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. The next ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my Lord of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee!
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he ſtrains that lady.
I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
The cloth of ſtate above her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old Noble Lady the Dutcheſs of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars indeed;
And ſometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you, Sir! Say, where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am ſtifled
With the mere rankneſs of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate, oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people;
(Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrowds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt;
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make it reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, This is my wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar, where ſhe kneel'd; and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly:
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confeſſor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With

With all the choiceſt muſic of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feaſt is held.

1 *Gen.* You muſt no more call it *York-place*, that's paſt.
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend biſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokeſly and Gardiner; the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbiſhop,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Maſter o' th' jewel-houſe,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you ſhall both go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ſhall be my gueſts:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell you more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Kimbolton.*

Enter Catharine dowager, ſick, led between Griffith her Gentleman-Uſher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,

Willing

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair——
So——now methinks I feel a little eaſe. [*Sitting down.*
Did'ſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to Leiceſter;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the Rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words, 'O Father Abbot,
'An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
'Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
'Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heav'n, and ſlept in peace.

Cath. "So may he reſt, his faults lie gently on him!
"Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him;
"And yet with charity. He was a man
"Of an unbounded ſtomach; ever ranking
"Himſelf with princes: one that, by ſuggeſtion,
"Ty'd † all the kingdom: ſimony was fair play;
"His own opinion was his law. I' th' preſence
"He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
"Both in his words and meaning. He was never,

"But

† *i. e.* Inſlaved.

" But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
" His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
" But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
" Of his own body he was ill †, and gave
" The clergy ill example."

Grif. Noble Madam,
Mens' evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin;) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely. Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

Cauſe

† *i. e.* He abuſed his body by intemperance and luxury.

Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my knell, whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and ſolemn muſic.

Grif. She is aſleep: good wench, let's ſit down quiet
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The viſion. Enter ſolemnly one after another, ſix perſonages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They firſt congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtſies: then the two that held the garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two; who obſerve the ſame order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the ſame garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame order: (at which, as it were by inſpiration, ſhe makes in her ſleep ſigns of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And ſo in their dancing they vaniſh, carrying the garland with them. The muſic continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? ſaw you not ev'n now a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall aſſuredly.

Grif. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.

Cath. Bid the muſic leave,
'Tis harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſic ceaſes.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthly cold? obſerve her eyes.

Grif.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An't like your Grace——
Cath. You are a ſaucy fellow;
Deſerve we no more rev'rence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Meſſ. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs' pardon:
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royal nephew, and your name *Capucius.*
Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.
Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyſic giv'n in time, had cur'd me.
But now I'm paſt all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
Baniſh'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No, Madam.
Cath. Sir, I muſt humbly pray you to deliver

This

This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moſt willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in bleſſings on her!)
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope ſhe will deſerve well,) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I ſhould not lie,) but well deſerves,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good huſband, let him be a noble;
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men: they are the pooreſt;
But poverty can never draw 'em from me:
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heav'n, I will,
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſs'd him;
For ſo I will——Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My Lord——Griffith, farewell——Nay, Patience,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed——
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know

I was a chaſte wife to my grave: imbalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more——— [*Exeunt, leading Catharine.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the palace.

Enter Gardiner Biſhop of Winchеſter, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. 'TIS one o'clock, Boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath ſtruck.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the matter?
It ſeems you are in haſte: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs. Affairs that walk
(As they ſay ſpirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder † nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.
Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir Thomas,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could

Cry

† *Wild*, for uncommon.

Cry the Amen; and yet my conſcience ſays,
She's a good creature, and (ſweet Lady) does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir———
Hear me, Sir Thomas———You're a Gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious:
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made Maſter
O' th' Rolls, and King's Secretary; further,
Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him. Indeed, this very day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch heretic, a peſtilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath ſo far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him, he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord! I reſt your ſervant. [*Exit Lovell.*

SCENE II. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor ſhall not when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In greateſt humbleneſs, and begg'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is ſhe crying out!
Lov. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good Lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, a good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbiſhop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury!———
Denny. Yea, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true—where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit Denny.*
Lov. This is about that which the Biſhop ſpake.
I am happily come hither. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha!—

Ha!—I have ſaid—be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

SCENE III.

Cran. I am much fearful: wherefore frowns he thus
'Tis his aſpect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord? you do deſire to know
Wherefore I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Pray you riſe,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak;
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us; where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge yourſelf;
But that, till further trial, in thoſe charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.
Cran. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myſelf, poor man.
King. Stand up, good Canterbury.
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up;
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together

Yourſelf and your accuſers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth and honeſty.
If they ſhall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion; and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o' th' queſtion carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? Such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe, and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſs'd mother!
I ſwear he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*
He has ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter

Enter an Old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!
King. Now by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say Ay, and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!—'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell!——
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE IV. *Before the council-chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this? hoa?
Who waits there? ſure you know me?

Enter Door-keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace muſt wait till you be call'd for.

Enter

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So———

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit Butts.*

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's phyſician. As he paſs'd along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my diſgrace! for certain,
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never ſought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door: a fellow-counſellor,
'Mong boys, and grooms, and lackeys! but their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight——

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord.
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt, good manners, as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips' pleaſures;
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe,
We ſhall hear more anon.——

SCENE

SCENE V. *The council.*

A council-table brought in, with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a ſeat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I am very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty. But we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels: from which frailty,
And want of wiſdom, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little;
Tow'rd the King firſt, and then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd,) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity

To.

To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewell all phyſic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole ſtate: as of late days our neighbours
The Upper Germany can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little ſtudy) that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
(Both in his private conſcience and his place,)
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray Heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.

Gard. My Lord, becauſe we've buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort wi' you. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Wincheſter, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,

(Lay

ll the weight ye can upon my patience,)
: as little doubt, as you do conſcience
ıg daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
r'rence to your calling makes me modeſt.
d. My Lord, my Lord, you are a ſectary,
the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
n that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
n. My Lord of Wincheſter, you are a little,
ır good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
'er faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
ıat they have been. 'Tis a cruelty
d a falling man.
d. Good Mr. Secretary,
'our Honour mercy; you may, worſt
this table, ſay ſo.
n. Why, my Lord?
d. Do not I know you for a favourer
ı new ſect? ye are not ſound.
n. Not ſound?
d. Not ſound, I ſay.
n. Would you were half ſo honeſt!
prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
d. I ſhall remember this bold language.
n. Do.
nber your bold life too.
m. This is too much;
ır for ſhame, my Lords.
d. I've done.
n. And I.
m. Then thus for you, my Lord: it ſtands agreed,
it, by all voices, that forthwith
e convey'd to th' Tower a priſoner;
to remain, till the King's further pleaſure
own unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?
We are.
n. Is there no other way of mercy,
muſt needs to th' Tower, my Lords?
d. What other
l you expect? you're ſtrangely troubleſome;
me o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor then?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i' th' Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the King my maſter.
Cham. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dang'rous ſtone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.
Nor. D'you think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his ſeat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a prince; [Heav'n
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious?
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You're ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of Wincheſter. But know, I come not

To

To hear ſuch flatt'ries now; and in my preſence
They are too thin and baſe to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the ſpaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, ſit down. Now let me ſee the proudeſt
[*To Cran.*
He that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't pleaſe your Grace———

King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I thought I had had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deſerve that title,)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſy foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counſellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye means;
Which ye ſhall never have while I do live.

Cham. My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm ſure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him:
Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for ſhame, my Lords. My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me.
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm:

You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.

Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons: you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Dutcheſs
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquis Dorſet——
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man; thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart:
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: Do my Lord of Canterbury
But one ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The palace-yard.*

Noiſe and tumult. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take the court for Paris Garden? ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue; is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches.——To 'em. I'll ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing chriſtenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible (Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with cannons) To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well puſh againſt Paul's, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute.
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Samſon, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a crow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorefields to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my Chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtening will beget a thouſand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſs'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour; which were the hope of the Strand, where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pebbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-

houſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-houſe, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters?
Theſe lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o' th' ſuburbs? we ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from th' chriſt'ning?

Port. Pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay you all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th' are come already from the chriſtening;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly, or I'll find
A Marſhalſea ſhall hold you play theſe two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princeſs!

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o' th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marſhal's ſtaff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk,

Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of Dorſet, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and Garter ſpeaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of England, fair Eliſabeth!

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

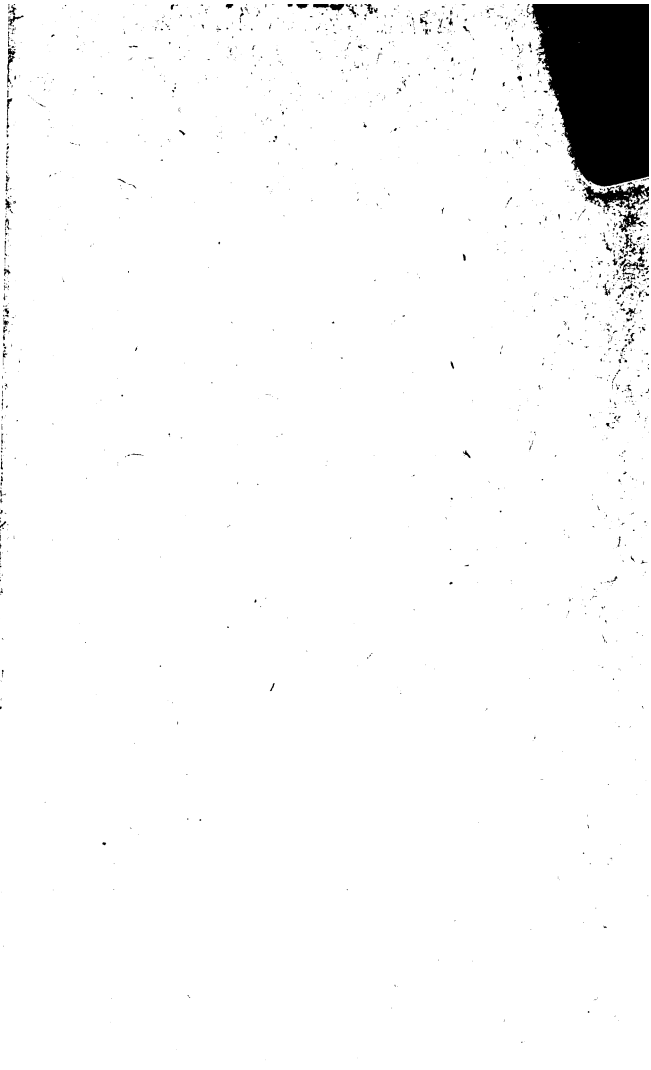
King. Thank you, good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Eliſabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me,) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heav'n ſtill move about her,)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſs'd ſoul ſhall be. All princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
" She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;

" Her